Cambria Freeman.

J. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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OTHER DAYS.

...ward wandering, backward wandering, to
...the sunny days of yore,
...my heart is vainly beating, for it throbs
...in them no more;
...more can life's sweet morning, or its
...dear and crystal dew,
...the flowers that lay beneath it such a
...bright and winning hue;
...the sun has risen higher, and the dew
...of the flowers,
...the morn's sweet breath has withered
...since it swept thro' childhood's hours.

...are paths my young feet threaded
...through the wildwood and the dell,
...the weight of other footsteps on the
...global emerald fell,
...the shouts of friendly voices woke re-
...sponsive to my own:
...I speak and echo only sends me back
...an answering tone,
...the leaves a hollow rustling at my every
...movement send—
...there wakes no more a rustling from
...the footfall of a friend.

...ners hearts as well as voices in the
...days of early youth—
...whose every pulse was faithful, and
...whose every throb was truth;
...whose wealth of kindly flashes sent
...a light to dearer eyes
...again will shine upon me—suns that
...never more shall rise—
...whose light, indeed, is hidden by the
...'s death's fingers pressed,
...sadder, light averted from the eyes
...I loved the best.

...long lost tones and glances back-
...still on mem'ry roll,
...the chastened radiance of that
...light of the soul;
...yet I yet am searching for the sweets
...vanished hours—
...breath of early morning breathing
...on withered flowers:
...memories I am tracing while this
...moonlight round me plays,
...from out the gathered darkness beams
...the light of other days.

KYLE GRIFFITHS.

A TALE OF THE WELSH COAST.

[Cassell's Magazine.]

...like a duck-pond, calm as glass and
...fire; a long strip of snow-white sand,
...by precipitous rocks gray by day,
...now from the incarnadine arch of
...sky above; to the westward a strip
...running out into the harbor, and
...black as ink against the lower line
...gold, where, far beyond, the sun
...just *dipped* his flaming orb to rest be-
...the waves. Over the point the topsail
...of a three-masted vessel. Nearer,
...foreground, a girl seated on a heap of
...seaweed, her pretty brown dimpled
...clasped about her knees, her head un-
...save by a mass of black silky curls,
...back and resting against an old
...moss-grown and broken, and long dis-
...which had found its last haven in
...quiet nook. It was all very quiet at
...by and by a step came trampling
...the hard smooth sands. The young
...cheeks glowed with a deeper red, and
...heart began to heave and her hands
...as though she were a bird on the
...flying to its mate. Not being a bird,
...however, she coquetted—sat
...at the sunset she did not see,
...and almost screamed when a
...brown and bearded and muscular,
...suddenly round the stern of the ruined
...with a short exclamation, half
...great gladness, took her straight
...arms, and hugged her till she
...in right earnest,—
...put me down! put me down! How
...to rude, sir? Let me go, please

...you've given me a kiss, Faithie,"
...keeping his hold good-hu-
...yet with something of reproach in
...blue eyes. "What! not one af-
...months' waiting? Why, lassie, I
...you cared for me a bit better nor
...I hungering for this minute
...and hour since I left you."
...of the reminder—perhaps even
...of his arms—touched her.—
...had a warm little heart, al-
...years younger and smaller than
...against which it was beating now.
...as a true woman, the moment
...go she began to cling, and put up
...
...care for you, Kyle," she said, "only
...me so," and forthwith she be-
...like a baby. He made no answer
...kissing her with close, tender
...and eyes, till the tears were
...and the lips pouted.
...Kyle, do let me go. You're so
...—and some one might be pass-

...and what if some one was?" asked the
...loosening his hold, however, and
...her resume her former seat, while
...up a position on the boat's keel be-
...Who has a better right to kiss
...I? I'll tell you, Sam Jones'
...didn't wait for him to begin, for we
...up from the pier together, and she
...house door open, and her arms
...neck, while he was still peering
...window on the chance of her look-
...
...Evans is a bold girl," quoth
...fancy. If those are the manners
...Kyle, I wonder you didn't try
...first when you first came here."
...between another man and his
...the sailor, staring; "but there,
...sweetheart; and besides you
...never a girl in Wales, or Eng-
...that could meet my fancy save
...self alone."
...mention America," said Faith

"America!" repeated her lover; "why, in the name of all that's comely, you wouldn't have me compare you to a Yankee girl, would you?"

The honest indignation in his tone, however ludicrous in itself, had a softening effect on Faith. Her big brown eyes grew suddenly wet, and her voice sank to a half-shamefaced whisper.

"Only I told you I wouldn't wonder if you took to a foreign girl, Kyle. Some say they're prettier than we are."

"You would ha' wondered, though," retorted Kyle, promptly. "Prettier than you! I'd like to see the woman. Faith, give me your hand, and turn your face this way.—Do you think I'll be content with the back of your head to-night?"

He took her hand as he spoke, and she let him keep it; but her face was still turned away, and there was a faint quiver about the ruddy lips. Perhaps her next words explained it:

"Father says you're going away again almost at once, Kyle."

"Aye; when he came aboard to meet us he gave me the offer. It did seem hard, a'most too hard, when I'd hoped to have a little rest aside of you afore I went away again. But, after all, it will shorten the time o' waiting one way, lassie."

"How, Kyle?"

"Didn't your father say I was to wait for you till I was a captain? I'm going as captain this time and only for a six weeks' trip; leastways that's what they calculate it at. Some business with the New York agents, I think; but I suppose you've heard about it?"

"That the Olinda was to be fitted out for sale and that you were to take her over an' charter another vessel to bring you back? Yes; but won't it take you longer?"

"I doubt not. They're to have the boat and cargo ready. Mr Denbigh's arranged all that. Did you know his son—the new junior partner—is to ship with us?"

"Yes," she said. Good Heaven! how rosy her face was now; and yet the crimson sky was fading into blues and violets. He was looking at her, and the brows suddenly darkened over his eyes, giving them an odd, fierce expression. His voice, however, was quieter than before.

"I can't say I care about sailing with the owner's son. I'd liefer take any other passenger. They're apt to fancy that because they're boss ashore they need be boss aboard, an' I'm a masterful man myself, an' don't hold with no Co.'s in salt water. Howsever, I shouldn't mind so much if I liked the man."

"And don't you?" asked Faith timidly, her color still high.

"Do *you*?" said he, stooping forward to look her full in the face. "He's been a deal at Amlwch since I left, people tell me, an' you must ha' seen plenty of him. What do you think of him?

"I, Kyle?" her eyes drooping beneath the sharp scrutiny—"I—I don't know. He's pleasant-spoken and civil. I think he's nice enough."

"And I think him a cross between fool and ape," quoth Kyle Griffiths shortly; "son of a sea-cook! Well, Faith, I wonder—"

Faith snatched her hand away angrily.—"He has more manners than you." cried she, panting, and ruffling like an enraged sparrow, "he is a gentleman at any rate, and would never dream of using such language of people he don't know more than to speak to. Oh,"—and here her feelings were too much for words, and an indignant little sigh and shiver filled the gap.

Even the violet was dying out of the sky now, and cool gray shadows crept up from the east, and threw a sombre tint over the man's face. A small, cold wind rose out of the sea, ruffling its breast with long, fretful lines, like the puckered face of an ailing child. It chilled the dimples in Faith's cheeks, and blew the soft brown locks off Kyle's stern brow; and far overhead a gull flew by, with a long shrill scream, like the wail of a banshee. Before it ceased Kyle spoke:

"He is a gentleman, is he? I thank God, then, I am not. Had I been one I might have been betrothed to some fine lady, i'stead o' the daughter of an honest seafaring man like myself. Faith, twice these five minutes have you found fault with my manners. I don't say they're finer nor a rough sailor's have need to be, but you never laid blame on them before. Has this *gentleman* been teaching you to do so in my absence this time?"

Women are constitutionally cowards.—Faith Morgan was a very woman. For all reply at first she, metaphorically, turned tail, and took refuge behind that ever-ready shield of femineity, a burst of tears. It was not until they had lasted long enough to make Kyle apostrophize himself as a brute that she sobbed out:

"How c-c-cruel you are! You kn-n-now that I love you as you are better than—and yet—oh!" Another burst, and the pretty head dropped very near Kyle's knee. Involuntarily he laid his hand caressingly upon it. Involuntarily his voice took a softened, soothing tone.

"Am I cruel, Faithie, and to you? Nay, then, don't cry. Mayhaps I was oversharp, but I was met on landing by ill talk about young Denbigh an' you. They said he had been taking my place, an' though I wouldn't believe it, nor even hearken to the foul-tongued gossips, it sort o' cut me when you spoke up for him. Faith, lassie, I love you more than many a husband. If you were to play me false with any one, I think I'd feel like killing him an' you too."

He looked like it at the moment, and she believed him, and trembled at the mingling of passionate tenderness and wrath in his tone. Instinctively she turned and clasped his strong hand in both hers, her face turned up coaxingly.

"Don't think o' such things, Kyle, love: you know I never could. What's Mr. Denbigh to me but father's partner?"

He was holding the soft hands, and looking down into the sweet eyes. The moon, just rising, glittered on something which, unnoticed by her, had escaped from the folds of her neckerchief—a golden circle, with the portrait of a man within.

"Faith," said Kyle Griffiths, in a tone which strove for steadiness, "you're wearin' a grand new trinket since I saw you last. Who gave you that?"

He spoke too suddenly. With a quick, frightened gesture she snatched away her hand, as if to hide the bauble. With a face deeply, terribly red, the red of cowardly consciousness, she stammered out,—

"I—I—it's nothing—father's—I mean I bought it."

Without a word Kyle loosed her wrist and rose up. Without a word he turned from her; only when he had gone ten steps he came back, and said very hoarse and low,—

"Faith Morgan, you have told me a lie, an' you know it. I can't say if it was for the first time, but I can say it shall be the last. I wondered"—and his voice sank deeper still—"that you shou'd shrink when I took you in my arms a while ago. I wonder now you dared let me do it, wi' that man's face lying between my heart an' your's. Go to him now, as you will; I want no wife on whom I can't depend in word an' deed."

He was gone the next moment; and Faith, sobbing bitterly with grief and anger, went home to find Philip Daubigh at the garden gate waiting for her.

He *had* been courting her for the last two months; and she—had coquetted with him. Flirting is not an amusement confined to the upper ten. I have heard of a young Patagonian squaw who was as finished an adept at it as any Belgravian beauty; and Faith, an only child and the prettiest girl in Amlwch, had been wonderfully fond of trying her fascinations on the "weaker" sex, till the arrival of a new first mate for her father's favorite vessel, the vessel he had commanded himself until he was admitted to a partnership in the firm of Denbigh & Co., his employers. Kyle Griffiths, big as a giant, true as the light of day, and masterful as he said himself, had "cut out" all the rest in no time, and won Faith for his own undivided property. She never even cared to look at any one else when he was by; and, I believe, loved him as entirely as was in her nature, with most worshipful affection; but when Kyle was away at sea and young Mr. Denbigh came to Amlwch—Mr. Denbigh, who was what she called a gentleman: some one who wore fine clothes, and had white hands, and a curly moustache—and when this hero testified an immediate and violent admiration for herself, how could she help going back to the old habits?

She did not help either. Mr. Denbigh made love; and she smiled and flirted, all unconscious in her flattered vanity of what the neighbors were saying, until, just three days before Kyle's return, the suitor brought matters to a crisis by a declaration. They had a tiff about a photo of Faith, which Denbigh had stolen and put in his locket; and he had brought her a fine gold locket with one of himself in it, and begged her to accept it and take the donor into the bargain.

Followed a wakening for silly little Faith, and the confession, "But I am engaged!"

Followed anger (from the gentleman) and tears (from the lady).

Followed tremendous scenes of masculine woe and anguish, and feminine contrition and soothing.

Finally Denbigh left the house, determined to try again on his return from America; and Faith remained with the locket, which she had at last consented to keep and wear as some small salve to the giver's wounded affections. She loved Kyle far, far better than his rival; but Phillip Denbigh was so handsome and sweet-spoken, it would be downright cruel to refuse him such a trifle as hanging the trinket round her neck for a day or two; and no one need ever know.

Nevertheless some one did know—now; and the sweet-spoken gentleman got a savage snubbing on this afore-mentioned evening.

"Kyle will hear I refused him, and come back. He'll never leave me so. He must ask my pardon first," thought the weeping beauty, that night.

He did not ask pardon, however, nor come back. The Olinda sailed three days later, and Faith's two lovers sailed in it. Kyle had a beautiful black retriever, which he had been used to leave behind to "take care of his lassie love while he was gone." He took it with him this time; and Faith nearly wept her lovely eyes out, that she had been too proud to own her folly and seek a reconciliation before he went. Patience! it would be back, and she would be "good—so good and meek. He must forgive her then.

* * * * * * * *

Eight weeks all but two days—when the sun went down in stormy grandeur, one cold evening, on the Irish Sea. It had been blowing great guns all day, and for many days and nights before; and the waves had wrestled terribly with a crazy barque which, with creaking timbers and leaking pores, with strained and naked masts bending beneath the gale, at every lurch they seemed like to bury themselves in the foam-crested waves tumbling mountain-high around them, had striven like a living thing to weather the cruel storm.

Where was she now? The huge breakers, crested still with foam, turbid and purple-stained, dashed themselves, moaning and roaring, against the gray and iron-bound cliffs of the Welsh coast, flinging up great fragments of timber, torn and twisted scraps of sail-cloth, and battered, shapeless things, too awful in their piteous mutilation for any human name, against the pitiless rocks, only to suck them back again into the black and boiling gulf below. Above, great storm-rent clouds, black too, but fringed with fire, were gathering thickly over the threatening vault; and low on the horizon the sun, like a blood-red hand, pointed from between them to something black and broken, over which the sea was breaking in unresisted fury—the steam of a vessel with the broken bowsprit and foremast just visible amongst the foam and spray. Greatly as the wind had lessened that sail looking red now before the angry sun was all the captain of the pilot-cutter cared to show even now to its tender mercies. It had been a work of danger to get near the wreck at all, hanging as she did in a nest of rocks; and there was a look of relief on more than one hardy, sunburnt face, when the order was given to tack and 'bout ship again.

Suddenly the captain caught up his spy-glass, which was lying beside him, and after a hasty glance through it, roared to the men to "hold all hard."

"There's summat living arter all," he said, pointing to a ridge of low outlying rocks, where some object was plainly discernible even by the naked eye. "There! just above the line o' high water. Can't none o' ye see?"

"A man down on all-fours!" cried one of the crew. "Look, he's moved a bit higher. Poor fellow! he must be a rare plucked un surely to ha' kep' life in him so long."

"Lower the boat," said the captain sharply. "Now, my lads, ready all. Jim" (to an old pilot), "give us a coil o' that line. We mayn't be able to get over near him; an, I say, one o' you lubbers, chuck a bottle o' rum inter the stern-sheets—quick!"

They are brave, kindly men, those Welsh pilots; I have owed my life to them, and know; but I am afraid they thought their courage and kindness wasted when they found the object of it was—only a *dog!* They hauled him into the boat none the less, almost too much spent, poor fellow, to second there efforts; and then, while he was trying very feebly to lick the hands that had saved him, his beautiful eyes full of a dog's gratitude, they saw he had a tin flask tied to his collar.

The captain opened it. "To Miss Faith Morgan, Amlwch" he said, reading something within; and then, not being a person of refined delicacy, he took the paper out and opened and read that. This was what it said: "Boat just left with the crew and Philip Denbigh. No room for my; but no wish for it. *Remember* that. I give mine on board, with willing heart, to him you gave it to ashore. God bless you, sweetheart. Forgive me rude words as I forgive your falsehood. There's a Saviour more merciful than we are, an' to him I pray to care for you, an' make you happy, as I would ha' tried to, had He been willed to let me."

They gave that paper, with the dog—a beautiful black retriever—to Faith Morgan. It was all that ever came to port of the ill-fated Pride of the West, the ramshackle old barque, which had been hastily patched up, and thought good enough to last one voyage more. Boat and crew were never heard of again. They must have perished with their fine young owner in the vain attempt to reach land, that stormy night; and there was no tongue left to tell of those bitter eight weeks when the "sweet-spoken" gentleman strove, by every vulgar boast and innuendo, to torture the man whom he considered his successful rival—the man who was no gentleman, but who had the grand old knightly feelings that would have made him bear anything rather than, by word or retort, drag the name of the woman he loved into an unseemly dispute—the man whose unswerving discipline and tireless energy had alone preserved them even so long—the man who, when the ship had struck, and the cowardly scoundrel who owned it was clinging in frantic, helpless terror to his knees, when the men were shouting for the captain to join them and cast off, lifted in the miserable wretch first with his own strong arms; and then, seeing there was no room for more, cut the rope that held the boat to the sinking ship, and stayed alone—to die!

And Faith? Faith is living still. I met her yesterday coming up the high street at Amlwch, with her married daughter, each holding a hand of a wee, toddling, brown-eyed thing between them. A bright, bonny old woman she is too, with as comely a face as if the eyes had never been washed in salt tears, the brow never wrinkled under a cloud of care.

"I must be goin' home to my old man," she said, stopping at the corner. "Kiss grannie, sweetums," and then turned just at the churchyard-wall where stands a rough stone cross, "To the memory of the captain and crew of the Pride of the West."

Kyle's prayer has been granted—perhaps better by his death than if he had lived to carry it out. As Faith says:

"He was a rare good man, but hard, overhard and stern for ord'nary folk."

DANCING AND FAULT-FINDING.—Rev. Mr. Nightingale contributes to the Springfield *Republican* the following story of Rev. Dr. Lothrop, an eccentric parson who officiated in West Springfield: "A young lady, a member of Dr. Lothrop's church, went on a visit to a neighboring town, and while there attended a party and danced. Tidings of her sin reached home before her. On her return she was visited and called to most severe account for the disgrace she had thus brought upon the church, and which had been found out, notwithstanding it had been done among strangers. One staid maiden was specially earnest in her rebukes, and the poor girl felt very bad. 'What shall I do?' she asked. 'You had better go and see Dr. Lothrop.' She did go, and told him all about it. 'And so, my dear, you went to the party and danced, did you?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And did you have a good time?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, I am glad of it, and hope you will go again and enjoy yourself. And now I want you to tell me the name of the woman who has been making all this trouble.' She told. 'Go to that woman and tell her from me that if she wants to get to heaven she had better make more use of her feet and less of her tongue.'"

OLD yarns—darned stockings.

The Light of Stars.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

The Maniac.

The maniac was a giant. He had broken his heavy chains as Sampson had broken his withes—had torn open the door of his cell—torn the keeper literally to pieces—burst open the door—killed the watchman with a heavy iron bar he wrenched from the door—and escaped with his formidable weapon into the city. The whole place was aghast at the news; and we students at the hospital and dissecting-room, who were connected with the asylum, had to nerve ourselves to help capture the escaped wild beast.

I had gone to the dissecting-room alone, and was about to commence using the knife on a subject. There was a storm raging, and with a low sob the wind swelled through the long aisle of forest trees, and flashed with the gathered force of an ocean wave against the dead-house. Simultaneously a hand struck the light door, and the yell of a maniac rang through and through my brain.

Above the door, through the small ventilator, the face of the madman and the murderer peered down at me.

"Ah, ha! I have caught you at last—here—and alone. I have been waiting for you. You took me once, didn't you? Ha, ha! Let me in!

The coolness of imminent peril brought my powers to action. I held his eye an instant; but it was evident he was too wild for that: his blood was up, and it roved with eager ferocity through the room and over the frail walls. With the light bound of a leopard I gained the door and shot the double bolt. A gleam of rage darted from his eyes; but he laughed, "Ha, ha! you think that will keep me out?"

He leaped to the ground. In an instant the light was out.

"Wait," I cried. "I have a weapon in my hand keen as a razor. It is poisoned by the dead body I have been working on. Burst the door, and I'll plunge it in your heart. If it but touch you, you are a dead man. You may kill me, but I'll you also, as certain as fate!"

The swarthy giant shook the door until its hinges creaked and groaned beneath his hand. Then, laughing again low to himself, muttered, "Fool, I'll outwit you yet," and stole off in the darkness. I heard him, for an instant, pressing against the wall of the building, and it swayed and bent inwards with the weight. Then silence. The din of my pulses made thunder in my ears, as I tried to hear his stealing tread, and the sobbing wind rising anew with weird, unearthly shriek, made my efforts fruitless.

A thousand times I heard his low, murderous laugh. A thousand times I felt his brawny strength against the door, and saw his wild face looking down at me through the gloom; but still he did not come. I tried to think he had abandoned the design, and slunk off discouraged; but I knew it was not so—I knew he was crouching in some corner, on the watch to spring on me when I passed.

Could I stay there all night? No, certainly not. An hour more, and Harry Leigh (my young wife's brother) would come to seek me—come unconscious of the danger, until a bloodhound at his throat would choke the brave young life down there forever.

I listened in the intervals of the now fitful storm to hear if he was breathing near me; I waited for the next lull. It came—that deep hush that follows the gusty wind. I put my soul in the sense of hearing, but no human shadow of sound greeted it.

When the storm swelled again I drew the bolt and looked into the night; a black pall hung over the earth and sky. I had as good a chance to pass him in the obscurity as he to catch me. With my knife in my teeth, and the massive thigh bone of a skeleton to fell him with, if I must, I drew off my shoes and stepped out into the darkness. A sudden whirl of the tempest almost took me off my feet, and a brick, dislodged from one of the chimneys, grazed my head in its passage and broke in half on the pavement.

With bated breath, and a step like the tread of a panther scenting his prey, I parted the thick darkness and turned my face towards the hospital. He might be either here—at any step along the passage—or hid in the angle of the wall at the door through which I must enter. This seemed most probable; but there was another door known only to the doctors.

I thought I would elude him. With infinite caution I began to scale the high wall, dreading horribly lest some sudden break in the sky might reveal me to the wild eyes that watched for me—but no.

Safely passing the summit, I threw my leg over for the descent, and felt my foot seized. It was but the climbing tendril of a wild vine, skirting the wall. Grasping my knife in my right hand, I crept along the bushes for fifty yards, then struck across the lawn for the side entrance. The darkness perplexed me, but I thought I was steering straight. Suddenly my foot struck bricks. What was this? I tried to recollect. There was no pavement round that part of the hospital.

I pushed on uncertainly; and feeling a weight in the air, put out my hand to grope for some clue to my whereabouts. I was in an alley—flanked with stone walls far above my head. I gave a sudden turn. In an instant I knew I was in the subterranean passages of the asylum. Turning to retrace my steps, the opaque density of some heavy body crouched between me and the outer air. I heard its stifled breathing—its stealthy tread approach me from the very door of the dead-house here! A struggle for life with a madman in these narrow, gloomy vaults—to lie in the pool of one's own heart's blood in this undiscovered tomb—and my young wife, Constance!—was maddening.

For an instant my brain was on fire. Then I thought there might be an exit—other devious windings in which I could elude my deadly pursuer. Going deftly backwards, I turned the angle in the wall, and then plunged at the utmost speed of a young and active man along the back passage. Instantly I knew I was pursued. Meeting another crossed path, I struck into it in the opposite direction. The maniac instantly followed me. What a race through those cavernous depths of the mad-house! What tragic pitfalls might lurk at every step?—What black and stagnant pools lie waiting to engulf me! What deeper depths of icy blackness into which to fall—and fall forever!

The passage grew narrower. We were, perhaps, under the very centre of the building, and farthest from the outer air. I had tried to breathe noiselessly; the effort exhausted me. I knew nothing of the labyrinths; could only guess at our position by the distance from the entrance. I had counted the turnings we had made. I thought I could retrace them. My strength was failing. I was the fleetest, but he was most enduring.

Presently he would run me down. It was a terrible venture, but the necessity was eminent; I would try it. Gathering all my force, I darted like an arrow on into the darkness. The suddenness of my increased speed baffled him. I succeeded in putting fifty yards between us, gained and turned the next angle; then, drawing myself against the wall, with every nerve and muscle strained into preternaturnl tension, with the mighty hearing of my spent chest crushed into silence by an iron effort of despairing will, I awaited for him to pass me. I heard him coming rushing on with new strength through the blackness, reach the angle, turned it, *striking his massive body against* the jutting stones. I heard him spring like an animal along the track. I felt his hot breath like steam—the foam of his set jaws flung across my face—and he stopped. I felt that he was feeling for me!—that he was crouching on the stones. I saw the red of his eyeballs glare up to me through the darkness. I felt the touch of his icy flesh on my hand. Like lightning he raised himself, and throwing his vast weight against me, pinioned me to the stones. And the marriage of a mad man at bay surged upwards to my brain. I clasped my knife convulsively, and seized him by the throat, resolved to die hard. It was hairy—it was shaggy. The hands against my chest had a thick coat of fur. I clasped him to my breast. It was Lion—my dog, Lion.

* * * * * * *

"Great heaven, Keene! what kept you the whole night in the dead house? It is near day; the door has been opened this two hours, and Derby and King have been asleep. I was getting on my boots to look for you?"

"Why in the name of common sense did you let this dog out after me? Will you tell me that?"

"Why he howled like a maniac, and clawed at the door till I thought you were in some danger, and I could not keep him in."

"Danger! Well we can't talk now. Rouse yourself; I have had an interview with your maniac, and he is prowling around the grounds after me now. Call up the men. I must go after Philip immediately."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes; don't waste a second."

In five minutes the whole force of the hospital was out in the grounds. We took him in the angle of the great door, crouched behind the jutting wall, waited for me! He drew his lips back over his teeth, in the dumb ferocity of a mad brute, as he saw me, and his eyes settle into a dull, lurid glare, impossible to describe, as he hissed out, "Ha! this is twice—twice you triumph; wait till the third time!"

Around the blazing grate, in the closing hour of the tempest-tossed night, we shook hands over the gladdness of our reunion; and after the story was over, and the horror-struck, and the laughter after (at the close of my adventure), and Derby and King had left, and Harry Leigh and I stood at the window watching the young winter day rise over the hills, there was something very like tears over the bold, bright blue of his eyes as he pointed to the granite walls of the mad-house, and said, "Constance would have gone there, Keene, or died, and mine would have been a heavy, heavy life after."

A Fire Engine Moral.

I stood silently near an engine, and learned a lesson. It was in the fire, out of the way of the fire, but the fire was in its place. The engineer was a quiet, reliable-looking man, and there he stood. He *seemed* to be doing so little; he said nothing; there was no running and shouting "Fire! fire! there is a fire! put it out! come and help! Don't you see? Fire! *Fire!*"

But there was the "steamer" in perfect order, bright and clean, and it worked like a living, conscious thing. Its short, quick strokes were like pulsations; now and then it seemed to slacken a little, and then it started up with renewed vigor, and we knew that far off, at the other end of the line, its work told.

The engineer was quiet and calm, now he opened the door and looked at the fire; now he touched a valve where the pressure was too great, and let the steam escape; now he added more fuel; now he raked out some ashes. And another man with oil touched the machine here and there, where the friction was fiercest.

They did not look at the fire, did not go near, and yet they were doing their utmost. You might have said they took no interest in it, that they were wanting in feeling; there were plenty of people who made more talk, and lamented for the poor man who was losing his all, perhaps; but after all, who was doing most?

There is a story running about which applies fairly as a hint when men ask questions as to that which does not concern them.

"There was a man in (say New Jersey or anywhere) who made a large fortune. Do you know how he made it?"

"No."

"By minding his own business."

I thought of this at the fire, and from all I took the lesson of which I spoke, in Christian work.

"Blessed is he that shall *stand in his lot*, in the end of the days."

We want more Christians like those men at the engines, who shall steadily and earnestly do their part and attend to their own business, with no special talk, but a great deal of work.

Stimulants.

The habitual tea-drinker finds this fragrant herb to be a very pleasant stimulant. The unpleasant symptoms which tea-poisoning produces in a patient not inured by habit disappear in the seasoned tea-drinker, leaving only a certain exhilaration which appears to be perfectly innocuous. If tea is a safe stimulant, it is certainly an agreeable one, and there seems to be no valid reason why toain-workers should refuse themselves the solace. Coffee is equally good. French people find in coffee the most efficacious remedy for the temporary torpor of the mind which results from the processes of digestion. Balzac drank great quantities of coffee whilst he wrote; and this, it is believed, brought on the terrible nervous disease that accelerated his end. The *best proof* that tea and coffee are favorable to intellectual expression is that all nations use one or the other as aids to conversation. In Arabia, there is never any talk without the inevitable coffee, that fragrant Arabian berry prepared with such delicate cunning that it yields the perfect aroma. The wisdom of occasionally using these various stimulants for intellectual purposes is proved by a single consideration. Each of us has a little cleverness and a great deal of sluggish stupidity. There are certain occasions when we absolutely need the little cleverness that we possess. The orator needs it when he speaks, the poet when he versifies, but neither cares how stupid he may become when the oration is delivered, and the lyric set down on paper. The stimulant serves to bring out the talent when it is wanted, like the wind in the pipes of an organ.

Unlucky Days.

Tradition saith there are just thirty-two days in the year up in which it is unadvisable to join hands, namely: the first, second, third, fourth, seventh, tenth and twelfth of January; the first, sixth and eighth of March; the sixth and eleventh of April; the *fifth*, sixth and seventh of May; the seventh and fifteenth of June; the fifth and nineteenth of July; the twelfth and seventeenth of August; the sixth and seventeenth of September; the sixth of October; the fifteenth and nineteenth of November, and the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth of December. As to the best day of the week, why:

"Monday for wealth;
Tuesday for health;
Wednesday the best of all.
Thursday for crosses;
Friday for losses;
Saturday no luck at all."

A colored philosopher thus unburdened himself on one of woman's weaknesses: "Jim, de mos don't make such fools of themselves about women as de women do about men. If dey look at de moon day son a man in it, and if dey hear a moose a-bellowing, it's a man; and dey all look under de bed last thing at night to find a man. Why, I seldom looks under my bed to find a woman unless you."

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Friday Morning, - - April 10, 1874.

THE Massachusetts Legislature has reached its eighteenth ballot for U. S. Senator without a choice.

THE Pittsburgh *Post* says: To cure the country of Radicalism, Butlerism, Grantism, and kindred afflictions, administer Jayne's "vermifuge" and Sanborn Pills, in full doses. The effect is magical. See the certificates from New Hampshire and Connecticut. For sale by all Radical office-holders.

THE Philadelphia *Inquirer* explains the Connecticut election as the "indignant protest of honest Republicans against the public wrongs which are done in the name of Republicanism, and which are dragging the party down to its ruin." This indignant protest ought not to cease with Connecticut, but might find an echo in the breasts of the honest Republicans of Pennsylvania.

THE vote in Connecticut was rather above the average on Governor—being the largest since 1871. It amounted to 91,112, divided as follows: Ingersoll, Democrat, 46,784; Harrison, Republican, 40,042; Smith, Prohibition, 4,286—the largest vote cast by that party for a number of years. In Connecticut, a majority of the whole vote is necessary to an election, and Ingersoll has received this. The Senate stands 17 Democrats to 4 Republicans, and the House 143 Democrats, 96 Republicans, and 2 Independents. Hon. W. W. Eaton, of Hartford, is regarded as the coming man for the United States Senate.

THE Democracy of Connecticut, aided and assisted by the anti-Grant wing of the Republican party, achieved a great and decided victory at the election in that State on last Monday. The present Democratic Governor, Charles R. Ingersoll, was re-elected by a majority of 2,651 over Harrison, the Radical candidate, and Smith, Prohibitionist. Both branches of the Legislature are Democratic, which has not been the case for many years. This will secure the election of a Democrat to the United States Senate as a successor of Buckingham, Republican, whose term will expire on the 4th of March, 1875. If this result in Connecticut, as well as the result in New Hampshire, does not indicate the fatal "hand writing on the wall" to Grant and his administration, we are at a loss to interpret it.

The New York *World* of Tuesday, in speaking of this overwhelming victory, says:

> The Connecticut election yesterday resulted in a sweeping Democratic victory. The people of Connecticut speak with no uncertain voice in condemnation of the reckless folly of the party which year by year has sunk national and State affairs deeper in the mire of corruption and drifted the country steadily nearer the gulf of national disgrace and ruin. The election of the Governor does not go into the Legislature. In spite of the large vote polled by the prohibitionists Governor Ingersoll is re-elected by a popular majority of 2,651 votes. His plurality over the Republican candidate is 6,624 votes against the plurality of 5,813 votes of last year. Both branches of the Legislature are Democratic by large majorities, thus insuring the retirement of Mr. Buckingham from the seat to which he has done no honor in the United States Senate and the substitution of a Democrat therein.
>
> The triumph is complete. While the Senate yesterday voted for inflation, the people of Connecticut voted in condemnation of the whole policy which has culminated in inflation. The voice of Connecticut is ominous.

OUR readers will no doubt recollect that after the conclusion of the late war between France and Russia, and while Mr. Thiers was President of the Republic, large numbers of *Communists*, as they are called, were arrested for various crimes of high degree, tried by military commissions and convicted. Some were executed and others were sent to the French penal colony of New Caledonia, in the South Pacific ocean. Among the latter were the notorious Henri Rochefort and Paschal Grousset, the former the editor of a scurrilous sheet called the *Lanterne*, the organ of the advocates of Communism, and the latter one of his adherents and warm supporters. They both escaped last week from the island in a small open boat and on the third day were picked up by a British sailing vessel and brought to Australia. Rochefort has telegraphed to Paris that he intends to visit the United States, landing at San Francisco, and that he will lecture in defence of his infamous creed in New York and other cities. There is not a single redeeming trait in the character of Henri Rochefort. He ignored in his paper all sense of religion and all respect for the rights of private property.—He was the constant, reckless and unblushing Bagilier of the Empress of France, whose reputation has always been pure and without blemish. His *Lanterne* was a power in France and brought misery and distress to thousands of her people. We have no doubt he will meet with a warm reception at the hands of the Communists in this country, whose headquarters are in New York. Hundreds of his own countrymen, as well as other foreigners, infidels in religion, who reside there, sympathise with him and endorse his levelling and destructive views. If the *American* people, however, show him the least countenance or sympathy, it will be to their eternal infamy and disgrace. He is one of those *ghouls* in human shape who are permitted by Providence, for some inscrutable but no doubt wise purpose, to afflict humanity and to bring unutterable woe into the world.

THE latest phase of the Democratic State Convention muddle is that the Chairman of the State Central Committee is to decide on the day of holding as soon as the apportionment bill has been disposed of in the Legislature, and that the time is not to be later than the 15th of June next. We agree with the Harrisburg *Patriot*, Lancaster *Intelligencer*, Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury*, Chambersburg *Valley Spirit*, and many others, if not all, the Democratic papers in the State, that to hold the State convention as early as the time indicated would be a fatal mistake. By a provision of the new constitution, the State election will hereafter take place in *November* instead of *October*. Why then commence the campaign *five* months before the election? *August*, or even *September*, would be the proper month for the meeting of the convention. Besides all this, the apportionment bill now before the Legislature, infamous and unjust as it is, will not become a law perhaps for some time. Under it Cambria county will be entitled to *two* members of the House and Cambria and Blair to a Senator. Of course the number of delegates to the convention *ought* to correspond with the representation in the Senate and House, which will be 253 instead of 133. The Democratic party of this county has already elected ex-Sheriff Blair as its representative delegate, but under the new apportionment she will be entitled to *two*, and we want a reasonable time within which to comply with this new arrangement. We learn that there was but a slim, and a very slim, attendance of the State Committee at their alleged meeting, and are confident that no notice of its assembling was ever published in the Harrisburg *Patriot*, or in any other Democratic paper in the State. Why then was this apparently *secret* meeting of the State Committee held *without notice*, and why this indiscreet haste in calling the convention? The Lancaster *Intelligencer*, an able and well edited paper, asks Dr. Nebinger to call the State Committee together again with a full attendance, so that this vexed question may be definitely settled, and we second the motion. It is of vast importance to the Democratic party of the State that the matter should be finally and well understood.

IN a recent number of the New York *World* the following strictures are made on the course of certain Democratic members of the United States Senate, who are aiding by their votes to keep the inflationists to increase the volumn of irredeemable greenbacks and national bank notes. They will meet with the general approval, not only of the Democratic party, but will be endorsed by all honest and sensible Republicans who favor a speedy return to specie payments:

> We perceive with profound chagrin and regret that half a dozen so called Democratic Senators are lending their votes to the knaves, the reckless demagogues, and the ignorant blunderers who are uniting to wreck the property, paralyze the industries, and plunder the farmers and laboring classes of the land. Their crime is greater if their responsibility be less than that of any Republican Senator who votes for inflation and against every measure for returning to specie payments. Their vote stabs the prosperity of the country, and stabs it through the traditions, the principles, and the platforms of the Democracy. If they call themselves Democrats they deny themselves the poor excuse of ignorance. They are demagogues who give poison to their uninstructed partisans, lest refusal cost them their places. The same scurvy cowards who thus abandon the first duty of leaders and the dearest principles of Democracy can doubtless be trusted to follow their Republican guides headlong down every succeeding inch of the road to repudiation. The ruin of the party which is now inscribing the first letters of that word upon its banners will be complete, but not more complete than the ruin of the so-called Democrats, who first betray their party in order to betray their country. Neither newspapers nor political conventions need be at any pains to bring to pass the sure fate of these recreants or of their Republican guides. The ruin they are today preparing for the peace and the prosperity of the country in all its farms and shops and homes will be ascribed to its authors. That is all, but that is enough.

WE referred last week to the bill now pending before Congress granting pensions to the surviving soldiers of the Mexican war and published a dispatch in which doubts were expressed as to it passage. As there are quite a number of veterans of that war residing in this county and a few in our own town, all of whom feel an interest in the question, we insert the following later dispatch for their information:

> WASHINGTON, April 5.—The association of veterans of the Mexican war at a meeting last night agreed upon a circular to be distributed throughout the country for the purpose of having enrolled all the survivors of that war and the widows of such veterans, with a view to laying before the pension committee of congress the exact number of persons entitled to pensions for service in that war, and what amount of money will be required to place their names on the rolls of the pension office. The commissioner of pensions states that the number of survivors is 33,000, but the association thinks this is not a fair estimate.

PRESIDENT GRANT held a love feast with a carpet-bag delegation from South Carolina on Tuesday, in which he gave them to understand that the government would not interfere with their little jobs down there, and that the tax payers might whistle up the wind if they could. He also denied using the language attributed to him in his interview with the tax payers' delegation. As the reporters, Administration and anti-Administration, all agreed as to what he said, it will be a question of veracity between Grant, the reporters and the delegation.

COMPLETE returns from the Ohio municipal elections show that the Democracy have gained not less than 20,000 majority over last year.

Is Alcohol a Poison?

The agitation of the liquor question is not to be confined to the praying bands of Ohio or elsewhere. Discussion has taken a wider range and science has been invoked to settle one of the most important points at issue. Archbishop Purcell having made the simple declaration that a glass or two of beer would restore the wasted energies of a bodman without endangering his salvation, the advocates of total abstinence have loudly insisted in reply that alcohol, no matter in what combination, was in all cases injurious to the physical as well as the moral being. This brought up for science the question whether alcohol is a poison which ruins the constitution, or a wholesome gift of nature which in moderate use serves for its invigoration and support. In the answer to this was involved the further question whether total abstenance, maintained by prohibitory liquor and local option laws, or by moral suasion, shall be the absolute rule on the one hand or moderate use, or enjoyment, the rule on the other.

In following up this question the *World* publishes interviews with a number of eminent physicians whose answers must be confessed to be as contraditory as the replies of the Delphic Oracle, while of little value as answers to the scientific inquiry.—But a writer in the *Tribune* having asserted that "as soon as man in his "ignorance drinks beer, wine or any "kind of liquor containing the poison "alcohol, it is ejected just as it went "into the system, without change," is answered in that newspaper by Dr. Edward Curtis, one the most distinguished medical authorities in the country. Dr. Curtis explains that with alcoholic liquors, as with other enjoyments, all depen ls on the amount. He asserts that within certain limits alcohol is transformed like ordinary food in the system without producing any injurious effects, and yielding useful force for the purposes of the economy must be considered *food* in any philosophical sense of the word. "This food-action," he declares, "is "attended with no exciting or intoxi-"cating influence, but the whole ef-"fect, like that of ordinary food, is "seen in the maintenan e or restora-"tion, according to circumstances, of "that balance of funtion called health." From this long and inte esting paper we make the following extracts:

> Alcohol has thus a two-fold action.—First it is capable, in proper dose, of being consumed and utilized as a force producer; in which case there is no visible disturbance of normal function. Such action cannot be distinguished either by the drinker or the physiologist from that of a quickly digestible fluid food, and is no more an "excitement" or "depression," than is the action of a bowl of hot soup or a glass of milk. The second action is the poisonous influence of an excess of alcohol circulating in the blood, which makes itself sensible to the drinker by peculiar sensations and disturbances, and is not only followed by "depression," but is itself a form of depression—that is, a disturbance of balance; an unnatural perturbation of the normal working of the functions.
>
> Every reader of these lines will at once ask, what then is the limit as to quantity within which alcohol exerts only a food action, and beyond which it begins to poison by its excess? This question cannot be answered categorically, for it so happens that the "poison line," as it has been aptly called, is a shifting one. Even in health it varies according to age, sex, individual peculiarity and habit, and even in the same person according to his physical condition for the time being. When fatigued by bodily or mental work, when suffering from emotional agitation, as anxiety or fear; when worn by loss of sleep, of blood, or by pain, amounts of alcohol which ordinarily would flush the face and somewhat confuse the mind, will be borne by the same persons without producing the slightest symptom of intoxication; the whole effect of the drink being expended in relieving the pre-existing malaise, and restoring the system to its normal condition. And in more formal morbid states, as in many diseases, the poison line often shifts to an astonishing degree, so that what would in health produce even dangerous drunkenness will be borne without causing the least intoxication; the whole of the alcohol being apparently utillized by the system for obtaining the life saving energy which this fluid, from its swift absorption and ready chemical change in the blood, can so quickly yield.

The simple meaning of all which is that alcohol in moderate enjoyment invigorates and refreshes the system, as an easily digested food, and that in its immoderate use it operates as a poison. It hardly needed the deductions of science to prove that the Rev. Dr. Purcell's glass or two of beer would refresh the energies of the tired workingman. When taken in immoderate quantities the evil is produced, and universal experience has taught that ever since wine was pressed from the grapes, without the aid of chemistry. But it is highly important that the scientific as well as the moral and social phases of this question should be settled and understood.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

THE drawing of the Louisville Library Lottery, last week, will illustrated the uncertainties of chance. It was for the benefit of a public institution, and was managed by some of the first men in Kentucky, so there was no room for doubt as to the fairness of the drawing. The number of tickets in the wheel was 45,000—the aggregate of prizes over $1,000,000, many of them $50 and $75 each. The very first number drawn was a prize, but it was a little one, only $75. Very soon, however, one of $18,750 came out, but it was not until almost the end of the drawing, which occupied nearly the whole day, that the capital prize, $187,500, was called. Nearly all the lucky numbers were held by clubs, sometimes in whole but generally in fractional tickets. What is particularly curious in this case is, that although 45,000 tickets had been sold among probably ten times that number of people, two fractional parts of the ticket which drew the capital prize were held by different parties in one city, Memphis.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Democrats of St. Joseph and Kansas City, Missouri, achieved sweeping victories at their municipal elections on Tuesday. The former city has given a uniform Republican majority of 3,000 since the colored men have been enfranchised.

The Butler County Holocaust.

PARTICULARS OF THE LATE DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT MILLERSTOWN.

MILLERSTOWN, April 1.—At half past one o'clock this morning a fire was discovered breaking from the basement story of the Central Hotel. J. A. Frisbee, the bartender, who happened to be sitting up with a sick friend, discovered the fire, and immediately rushed through the halls to arouse the guests. There were, including servants, a hundred souls in the house, and directly the corridors became the scene of the wildest dismay. The flames drifted up the wooden walls, and quicker than it takes to tell it, spread over the entire southern side, and were curling in a thousand tongues from cornice and gable. The heat had the effect to crack all the windows on that side of the house, and admitted the flames and smoke before the most expeditious of the guests could put on their clothing. Men rushed almost naked into the hall, some not even taking their clothing in their arms, and anxious only to escape with their lives, tore up and down the corridors, madly seeking some outlet from the pursuing flames. The wildest horror prevailed. Many on the lower hall had found their way out of the building, and the proprietor of the house, who was sick, had been borne out. For an instant it was hoped that all would escape, but again that hope was dashed by the beseeching cries for help from those who had lingered to dress, or in the excitement of the terrible moment were unable to undo the fastenings of their doors. To add to the horror of the situation, it was discovered that the flames had crept through the southern sleeping rooms and, following the draft along the corridor head, cut off the servant's escape from the attic. Between prayers and shrieks and groans, the scene was now too much for human hearts, knowing their utter inability to render aid. Many turned away from the sickening scene. They found it as difficult to endure as to relieve. Some of the girls had the courage and presence of mind to turn their drapery over their heads for protection, and rushed through the sheet of flame; and thus some escaped. Others rushed back to the north side and cast themselves from the windows upon the roof of the adjoining buildings, from whence they were rescued. Others sank back bewildered in the suffocating smoke, and like some of the guests on the floor below, yielded to the terrible death before them without a struggle. But the climax of the situation had not been reached until Nelly McCarty, one of the dining-room girls, appeared at the southern attic window and proposed to cast herself to the ground, forty feet below. A warning cry broke from the crowd, but the poor girl would not retreat. Death was behind her and, with a wild cry of despair, she cast herself forth and fell, a pitiful mass of broken bones, upon the pavement. In half an hour the greater part of the town was burning, and women were rushing wildly to the fields, dragging their children after them. No water was to be got, and no resistance was made after the first feeble effort.

The scene at the Hanlon house was only a repetition of that which hardly a minute before had taken place at the Central, which was only across a narrow street. The proprietors made every effort to alarm the guests, and from the fact that all the remains had clothing upon them, had undoubtedly succeeded in their duty, but they were forced to flee and when the flames had subsided, three human bodies were observed to be roasting in the ruins, and a like number were exposed upon the coals of the Central.

The general opinion is that the fire originated from escaping gas, but the Central hotel people claim that it must have been the work of an incendiary.

The remains of seven crisp bodies have been lying in the lock-up all day, where they have been witnessed by thousands.

Nearly all the guests at the Central Hotel lost their money, clothing and valuables. Dr. Shamburg lost his watch and chain, and a thousand dollars in money, and all his clothing except one coat.—Frank Washabaugh was the last guest and escaped. He was not aroused until strangled by smoke. When morning broke nearly a hundred families were seen in the fields protecting and seeking shelter among their goods.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY—*Four Persons Murdered by a Jealous Husband.*—Advices from Austin, Nev., bring intelligence of a tragedy in Smokey Valley, near that place, by which five persons lost their lives.—From the account, it is shown that a man named Reckstein has had frequent altercations with his wife in relation to attentions paid her by a young man named Norton. On the 1st inst., an acquaintance of the family, having occasion to visit the house, found the doors locked, and receiving no response to his call, effected an entrance. On the floor lay the body of Mrs. Reckstein, horribly cut and mangled, her head split open. Near by were the bodies of their two small children, their heads nearly severed from their bodies, and in another part of the room were the dead bodies of Reckstein and Norton, clasped as though a deadly struggle had taken place between them. Reckstein had in his right hand a large bowie knife, covered with blood, and in Norton's right hand was a large pistol, two barrels of which were empty. Nobody in the vicinity was aware of the tragedy until the dead bodies were discovered.

A FISHY STORY.—The Sunbury *Daily* is responsible for the following: Yesterday in sawing a log on Friling, Bowen & Engel's mill, one of the logs drawn up was found to be hollow, and upon examination there was found to be quite a collection of catfish inside. They were quite stiff when taken out, but upon putting them into a tub of water they became quite lively. Among the number was one having two heads, perfectly developed, and two tails. It does not swim quite as well as the others. Capt. Manges has taken charge of it, and will show it to any one calling. He proposes to keep it alive if possible. It has been examined by some scientific and medical men, and they declare it is a natural curiosity. He has been offered ten dollars for it, but refuses to sell it.

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—The average value of each immigrant arriving in this country has been frequently estimated by writers on political economy, but no two of them agree on this question. This value varies from $750, according to the lowest estimate, to about $1,500 in the highest; but in either case it is evident that in a more restricted material sense it is cheaper to import our population than it is to produce it ourselves. Assuming each child of fifteen to have cost $1,000, and that the money thus expended would have been otherwise saved, we find that the man who has raised a family of five children and remained poor might have accumulated a sum sufficient for the wants of old age had he not been subjected to this expense.

A FRIEND of ours who is chief clerk in the Governmental Dispensary, says that no medicine chest is now complete without *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. We always supposed it was prescribed by law; if it is not, it ought to be, for certainly there is nothing in the whole *materia medica* of so much importance to the soldier and the sailor as *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*.

News and Political Items.

—Advertising is the champion reaper.

—A Carlisle hen lays eggs with black shells.

—A boy aged nine years is under arrest in Philadelphia for stabbing two men.

—A sand blast in the western portion of the State threw out twenty-five boat loads of stone.

—The young lady who jumped from a third story window at Millerstown to escape from the ravages of the fire is expected to recover.

—It is said of the temperance crusaders that "they drink not, neither do they sin; yet Solomon in all his glory, was not a raid like one of them."

—Emanuel Zell, aged sixty years, was found dead in Lancaster county last week. His end was the result of a fight, in which his lungs were injured.

—A Detroit paper noting the fact that a man fell down dead while combing his hair, says: "And yet there are people who will persist in that dangerous habit."

—The greatest Democratic victory in the Ohio municipal elections appears to have been won at Cleveland, where a majority of nearly four thousand was obtained.

—Some naughty boys in Harrisburg recently built a fire in a sewer, the smoke from which was carried through pipes into a number of houses, greatly to the alarm of the occupants.

—The Ashantee King Koffee is a repudiator—he refuses to abide by his agreement with Wolsley. He is safe, in any event, from further molestation. It costs too much to reach him.

—The House Committee on Territories at Washington has reported a bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State. The vote in the Committee in favor of the report lacked only one of being unanimous.

—Bald Mountain seems to have quieted down now, says the *Courier Journal*, and some of the people around there are beginning to fear they got religion a good while before there was really any necessity for it.

—Boys under sixteen years of age are to be calaboosed and fined in Davenport for attempting to get upon moving trains. "A few such ordinances would kill a local paper anywhere," says the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*.

—A lady of Pottstown, aged seventy years, was assaulted by a brute named Stichter, who, in addition to beating her terribly, outraged her person. The monster, who has been arrested, gloats over his infamous crime.

—Speaking of the new Louisville lottery, the Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "The enormous size of the new scheme indicates the general prosperity of the country and promising condition of the crops—the crop of fools in particular."

—It was not only Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette whose hair turned white in a single night, for the hair of a California youth named Weston turned from black to white on seeing Joe Booth fall between the cars and break his leg.

—Washington county has the oldest woman in Western Pennsylvania. She was born in 1779 and is now in the one hundred and fifth year of her age. Her name is Sophia Hickson and she lives at Linden, North Strabane township.

—The story of Cleopatra's pearl has been surpassed. In Saugatuck, Conn., at a supper the other night, about 100 pearls were found in the shell of a roasted oyster, all spoiled, large and small, by the cooking to which they had been subjected.

—The first line of stages in the United States was established soon after the close of the Revolutionary War by Captain Levi Pease, of Boston, and Mr. Evans, of the Indian Queen Hotel in Baltimore, and extended from Boston to Savannah.

—Twenty counties in the state are out of debt—Berks, Bedford, Bucks, Columbia, Clinton, Centre, Fulton, Greene, Huntingdon, Juniata, Lehigh, M'Kean, Northumberland, Snyder, Somerset, Sullivan, Union, Warren, Wayne and York.

—The Governor of Georgia has leased out the convicts at about $8,000 per annum. They are scattered about the State, and are to be employed in mining, railroading, and farming. The Governor received bids for more convicts than he could supply.

—A boy in Greenfield, New Hampshire, told his father that he guessed he could make that hen quit setting, and his father told him to go ahead. The boy's plan was to set fire to the nest, and in carrying it out he burned the barn and all its contents.

—The time is approaching when the feminine dweller in the suburbs will say to her little girl: "Susan, go in and ask Mrs. Smith if she won't keep a few of those hens at home. I've just planted my seeds and I can't have all those fowls here at once."

—A poor family in Denison, Ohio, consisting of a husband, a wife, and seven children, were on the point of starvation. Somebody raised $100 for them, and what did the wife do with it? She bought a silk dress for $70, and began to take music lessons.

—Bishop Whelan of West Virginia advises Roman Catholics to abandon the use and sale of liquor. He says that the word of God does not really forbid the traffic when used with moderation and with reason, but these conditions are seldom complied with.

—"The day is not far distant," says a Raleigh paper, "when the world will begin to look on death as a journey to another country." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* assents to this, and naively adds that the journey will be one on which we can all go as dead-heads.

—England has not heard the last of the Alabama claims. A movement is on foot to make the Government reimburse the English sufferers by the depredations of that destructive craft. By paying the claims of the Americans, it has estopped itself from denying its liability.

—Huckleberry is the name of Grant's district attorney in Western Arkansas, who is charged with bribery on the affidavit of a man named Nash, who was prosecuted for selling liquor in Indian territory without license, and paid Huckleberry $500 to enter a *nolle prosequi*.

—A duel was fought near Montgomery Station, Miss., on Saturday, between Aristides Birnvenue and T. B. Phillips, with double-barreled shot guns, loaded with single ball, forty paces. Birnvenue was killed at the first fire, shot through the brain. Phillips was not hurt.

—Diptheria, scarlet fever, measles, and kindred diseases, are largely induced by the poisonous exhalations which come from our uncleaned streets. When a thaw commences, the atmosphere is charged with unwholesome vapors, and in general the tender children are the chief sufferers.

—The decomposed body of an unknown man was found in Warren county recently. There was a bullet hole through the vest and shirt over the left breast, and a leather strap used around the body was folded about the throat and buckled tightly. It is supposed he was murdered last October.

—"Shall we gather at the river?" So sang some Ohio temperance ladies in front of a "rum hole." The old reprobate who kept the place poked his head out of a window, and told them he was too busy, just after dark, at any time they might mention.

—Cincinnati went Democratic by a largely increased majority over the election in 1873. Other interior Ohio cities did equally well, wherever the fight was between the two parties. In many places temperance was made an issue and the tickets were made up of Democrats and Republicans alike.

—A one armed man near Great Bend, besides doing considerable lumbering and much of the heavy work on a large farm, has within the past year made, without any assistance, a nice bureau, table, washstands, a number of bookracks, stools, brackets, etc., in a neat and workmanlike manner.

—There is a lady of Sagadahoc county, Maine, who has a head of remarkable fine hair. The average length is seven feet five inches. When unbraided and falling loose, it trails for quite a distance on the floor. She has refused a large offer for the hair, on which she naturally prides herself next to her head.

—On May 16 a body of Roman Catholic pilgrims will leave New York for Havre by the steamer Pereire; will go thence by rail to Lourdes to visit the shrine of our Lady; and thence to Rome, to visit the Holy Father. The committee have at present upward of sixty names on their lists, and the number is increasing.

—A special despatch from Washington says that no man of common sense will pretend to name the day or year for resumption of specie payments. Of course not. With the passage of the inflation bill the hope of resumption recedes farther than ever, and can be realized only through repudiation and bankruptcy.

—A little girl, playing in a field near Westminister, Mass., was attacked by a savage bull. Her brother, aged 15, climbed over the fence, and bravely fought the bull with a stick. "Run, sissy! run! quick!" shouted the boy, and she saved herself by obeying. The boy, however, was gored so terribly that very likely he will die of the hurt.

—Wm. T. Haines, Commissioner of Customs, whose successor has been nominated to the Senate, states he will very soon give publicity to the facts which have led to his retirement. He also claims personal knowledge of facts so damaging to the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury as will lead to their removal from their respective offices.

—Emil Lowenstein, under sentence of death at Albany, has been puzzled in his choice of a religion. Ministers of various denominations have visited him, and he has been very solicitous about the matter. At last he has decided to become a Roman Catholic, and will be baptized and prepared to die by a priest of that communion, to whom he is greatly attached.

—The Democracy carried Cincinnati by about five thousand majority at the municipal election Monday. Though a citizens' ticket was suggested with great enthusiasm some weeks ago, the bottom dropped out of the movement, and the fight was left between the two old parties with no intervening issue save that of temperance, on which they were about evenly divided.

—During some exercises in a schoolhouse at Middleton, Wisconsin, on Wednesday night, a lamp exploded, setting fire to the bulding. About three hundred persons were present, and in the panic that followed, forty of them were injured, four seriously. Two brave women extinguished the fire, after half an hour's exertion, by smothering it with overcoats and carpets.

—It is stated there are nine hundred thousand children attending the public schools, and that a change of school books once a year costs the sum of two millions of dollars. This is mainly for the benefit of book publishers, who have properly interviewed teachers and directors. If the State can compel children to attend school it can provide uniform books at a fixed price.

—The following is among the resolutions adopted by the Democratic Convention in Cleveland, Ohio, on Saturday: "That as a means of settling the question of the sale of liquor, ale, beer and wine, we are in favor of a judicious constitutional provision for its regulation, and to secure such end our members to the Constitutional Convention are hereby respectfully requested to vote to submit a proposition for a prudent and stringent license system."

—On Saturday evening, while seven men were loading a barge with sand at Fort Pickering, a short distance below Memphis, about a quarter of an acre of the bluff fell upon them, burying the boat, Dave Tracey, Dud Wove and another, name unknown, beneath the landslide, in a hundred feet of water, the other four barely escaping the whirlpool formed by the huge mass of earth. Tracey leaves a wife. He had been engaged in the sand trade for years, and was widely known.

—In Indianapolis, the other day, a three and a half year old child climbed through an attic window and walked along the edge of the roof, thirty-two feet from the ground, the whole length of the house, and there stood unconcerned and enjoying the prospect. She was seen by the maid of all work, who pleasantly called out, "Come down; I've got something for you." "All yite," cried the little one, and she retraced her steps and disappeared through the attic window in safety.

—The Supreme Court of Mississippi, which was made notorious recently by a knife encounter between two Judges, has rendered a decision which may add to its fame or infamy. A white man named L. P. Dickerson died intestate. He had been intimate with a negro woman who was living at the time with her lawful husband. The woman had two children, whose complexion indicates pure African paternity, but the Court has decided that they are the legitimate heirs of L. P. Dickerson.

—A dispatch from Blufftown, Ind., says a horrible murder was perpetrated in that town last Saturday night. Philip Jones, an old farmer, tried to make peace between a party of roughs, who were quarreling and fighting over a game of billiards in the only drinking saloon that has not yielded to the women's movement. One of the rowdies, Benj. F. Field, struck the farmer on the head with a billiard cue, crushing his skull, and kicked him in the face when down. He then fled. Jones died soon after.

—The Eldora (Ia.) *Ledger* says: "Mr. Smith, mail carrier between Grundy Center and Union, brings tidings of a fatal case of punishment by a school teacher. His story is that on Monday of last week a school mistress in Fairfield township undertook to chastise one of her pupils, a boy about fifteen years of age. The boy made a fierce resistance, and the tide of conflict began to set in against the female disciplinarian. Gathering up a heavy chair which was near, she lifted it high over her head, and with a sweeping "master stroke" bro't it down upon the devoted head of the recalcitrant student, settling his resistance and earthly existence at a single blow."

—A boy twelve years old named Benny Davis, whose parents reside on the river road, says the Detroit *Free Press*, broke his leg some months ago, and has been confined to the house ever since. He has during the last three months trained a rat to come forth at his whistle, stand on its hind feet, roll over, leap through a hoop covered with paper, and to execute various other manœuvres. The family own a big cat, and she has been trained to stretch out and let the rat leap over her, and the two are great friends, though grimalkin is death on all other rodents. The lad has an exhibition twice a week, and secures quite an income by charging an admission fee of five cents.

VETERINARY SURGEONS all over the country are recommending *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* for the following trouble in horses:—Loss of appetite, roughness of the hair, stoppage of bowels or water, thick water, coughs and colds, swelling of the glands, worms, horse ail, thick wind, and heaves.

DREAMS NEVER COME TRUE.—Some men about Evansville are good dreamers. In olden times they would have been regarded as prophetesses, but in these latter-of-fact days they are only considered dreamers. Some time since a watch was stolen and a woman had a dream which led directly to the recovery of the watch and the arrest of the thief. This was thought to be a remarkable incident. More lately a woman dreamed that a stranger had entered her house and asked for a night's lodging. It was given him, but before retiring he slipped his shoes outside the door. The next morning the stranger was gone, but a considerable sum of money. The woman on thereupon wakened her husband, told him her dream, and she was laughed at as a dreamer. Some weeks after this her husband went to town and brought out to his wife a good sum of money. In the evening a stranger applied for a night's lodging, was given a good supper and put to bed in one of the upper rooms. Before she herself retired—with the dream in her mind—she opened the door, and outside she found a pair of shoes in the precise position as the shoes in her dream. She then recalled to mind the vivid particulars of her vision, and the man was all over the thief of her dream. She showed her husband the shoes, and again reminded him of what she had told him that night when he laughed at her dream. He now thought there might be something in a warning in it all, so he loaded his double-barreled shot-gun and watched to see what the treasures were. About midnight sure enough the stranger came softly down stairs with a dark lantern in one hand, and began to make a scientific examination of the premises. One of the first discoveries he made was the man with the shot-gun sitting with a gun in his hands, watching guard over his household goods. He then told the stranger to leave, and the latter left. He put on his shoes outside the door and walked away. The woman remained awake the rest of that night. The next morning the brute told her, however, that dreams never came true, no more did hers, for the stranger didn't get the money.—*Missouri Republican.*

ASSAULTING HER HUSBAND WITH AN AXE.—The particulars of a horrible affair have just reached the writer from the village of Bleecker, Fulton county. Last Saturday morning a woman by the name of Mrs. Hall, living in that town, rose from bed and began splitting wood on the kitchen floor, preparatory to building a fire. While thus engaged she was spoken to in a very unpleasant manner by her husband, who was still lying in the bed she had just left. This so incensed her instantly enraged, and turning upon him she dealt him several heavy blows with the axe, cutting his head in a shocking manner. She then hurried to a neighbor's house, leaving her husband and wife were still there, and on finding the door fastened, pounded on the door for some time with the axe, and finally ran out of the house shouting "She's killed him!" A few neighbors gathered around the house, found the man alive and the woman frustrated in the cruel work she had been doing. It is supposed he cannot survive. The cause of the insanity was the cause of her unnatural act, which it is said she has long been subject to.—*Albany Argus.*

WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL

Nature's Great Remedy FOR ALL

THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES!!

It is the vital principle of the Pine Tree, obtained by a peculiar process in the distillation of the gum, which in highest medicinal properties is contained in Tar even in its crude state has been recommended by eminent physicians of every school. It is now offered to the afflicted for the following reasons:

1. It cures, *mainly by allaying irritation*, the cough, but by dissolving the phlegm and assisting nature to throw off the unhealthy matter causing the disease. In cases of *seated* consumption it will afford relief and rendering its burdensome life comparatively easy.

2. Its healing principle acts upon the delicate surface of the lungs, *penetrating to each affected part*, relieving pain, and *subduing inflammation*.

3. It cures, and effectually, *all* throat troubles by curing all humors, from the scrofulous affection to the severest cases of Scrofula. Thousands of affidavits could be produced from those who have felt the beneficial effects of Wishart's Pine Tree Tar in the various diseases arising from impurities of THE BLOOD.

4. *It invigorates the digestive organs and creates the appetite.*

All who have known or tried Dr. L. & C. Wishart's remedies require no references but the names of thousands cured by their use in every part of the country. To those who doubt any one of the statements contained in Wishart's Great *American Remedy* we say Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial and Wishart's Worm Sugar Drops have never been known to fail. For sale by all Druggists and Storekeepers.

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A complete and elegant assortment of seasonable goods now in store will positively be sold at the closest margin. Country produce taken in exchange at market prices taken in exchange at the highest market prices taken in exchange for goods. Entire satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. Store on High street, near Centre street.

E. J. MILLER.

Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.—tf.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - APRIL 10, 1874.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

Logan Hall, Altoona, was partially destroyed by fire on Friday last.

Gallitzin is credited with a hen egg 7 inches long. It's not to be continued.

The potato bugs are reported to be as "thick as three in a bed" in Westmoreland county.

A widow lady named Ansbaugh died suddenly at East Conemaugh on Sunday last.

The Johnstown Steel Works resumed operations on Monday, but it is said not to stay in motion.

Although in type, we have been forced to defer the publication of "Jones' Fare-well" until next week.

Owing to the scarcity of jurors being quashed in Johnstown on Tuesday, there will be no court until July.

Gen. Beltzhoover promises $10,000 towards the completion of a narrow guage railroad from this place to the Blacklick.

The "ardent" who furnish liquor to habitual drunkards will be apt to have a hard road to travel.

Mr. Sheehan, of Cambria City, has attained to one hundred and eighth year, and is reported supremely happy.

The *Herald* heads a communication "Narrow Gauge Railroad," but fails to tell the why and the wherefore.

The limb of a tree fell on John McCall, of Jackson township, Monday last, strongly gash in his head.

One of the motives for bring ing salmon into this vicinity was a locomotive on the road, yesterday afternoon.

"Sweet and Hymen will make excellent pair when our little friend down street gets to the bachelor coil—if he ever does.

A Conemaugh borough hen recently laid over three eggs at one lay, and probably enough the hen belongs to the U. S.

Numerous, garden seeds, and other ingredients, as the *Herald* styles it, can be found in great profusion at M.

Old boots, two dilapidated gaiters and a dismantled hoop-skirt in front of a residence very plainly that the family moved.

Riley caught the first trout of the season the other day. They were not salmon, nor slamming trout either.—Just select.

An intoxicated laboring man named Murdough was run over and killed by the fast express west, between Manor and Irwin on Thursday last.

"Parlor Made" shall have a hearing next week, won't suffer for the delay. Over-matter this week until too late to print. Please excuse.

Rev. P. McGough has our thanks for a neat dilapidated copy of "The Ebensburg," bearing date March 7, 1833. Through it when time permits.

A small party of gipsies has just been quartered in this vicinity—drawn hither in a dilapidated wagon by two "broken down nags" and quartered on the outskirts of some half dozen cottage houses in the West Ward of this place, at present and not for the use of summer visitors from Pittsburgh, is said to be contemplated, better, best.

The dead body of a infant was found in the water near the Reservoir, Blair co., Saturday morning last, with a stout cord tightly around its neck. The suspicion has been aroused.

The Greensburg *Democrat* has a Simon Snyder upon whom to play that "sighing and sobbing" we give it credit for applying the same, but if not, the joke is at least its exigency.

The ladies of this place, or some of them, have had a temperance meeting at the C. A. hall on Wednesday evening last, whether they took any crusade in any it has not yet transpired.

Some Yankee has stolen a pair of pants from Barnes' clothing store, Jonstown, not some, and has the District Court puts a stop to the career of three months in county jail for the aforesaid Benjamin. We are speaking for a chance to tell all the festive youth who found a number of bamboos in the side-pocket of his not gentlemanly coat not long since.

The trial of the case of D. S. Donmyer, the known sewing machine agent, who was lying in the Indiana jail on a charge of horse stealing, has for reasons stated elsewhere been put until the July term of court.

A man named Davis, residing in Hollidaysburg, Indiana county, gorged themselves Friday last with poke-root, which they took for horse radish, and the mother and two children came very near "passing in their checks."

Now is the time to put yourself into a brand new suit and now is the time to do it, for Cooper & Leidy have just received a splendid stock of wearing apparel of every quality and seasonable in every particular. Pitch in!

Here it is the *Herald* man who has the "cheek." It occurred this a. m., notwithstanding the presence of three or four of us. We hope for his speedy recovery. Our paper is a day late, but much better for this items.

A day behind time in the publication of our paper this week, but our well known and the fact that our mainspring has failed to report this morning is the reason why. Better luck hereafter, we hope.

Saturday, April 10th, and fully a foot of snow on the ground. The man who was so anxious to go fishing backward in its flight a song on the subject, is in this state of things.

It is rumored that Brother Sandy of the *Democrat*, has declined to run for Lieutenant Governor, and is very anxious to find out what friend of J. Q. Philander Doesticks he asked him to be a candidate for.

A freight train, near East Liberty, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, a little boy nine years old, named John Bowers, attempted to board the train, a few days ago, missed his footing, fell under the wheels and was cut in two. Death was instantaneous.

Items like the women folks, seem to monopolize the crusade business, if we may judge from the many eggs-traordinary items about them in the newspapers of the country, being that the women are not only praying while the hens do the laying.

Just as some people might be led to believe that the names attached to a petition or recommendation were copied from the directory of this vicinity, but we have it from the signers who would be exceedingly sorry to see the signatures had been forged.

Mr. Wm. Rose, one of the most popular caterers to the public in this place, has just wielded a carving-knife in charge of the "Gallitzin Hotel." We welcome him to the position and commend him to the patronage of the public.

Mr. Jacob Snyder, of Adams township, has the distinction of again pushing the Democratic organization as the Democratic candidate for County Commissioner, and his friends are worthy of considerable credit for making an excellent show at the election and hopes to win the prize next time.

A human skull was unearthed in the cellar of the old Mansion recently vacated by Mr. Ivory Ivory, "gone before," retired to other quarters in the Johnstown *Tribune* there. Query: "Alas! poor Yorick! I knew him well and bloody bones" would be more appropriate. Query: Is the strength of the discovery, or the weakness of the adjuncts of the *Tribune* that and nothing more has received decent burial at the hands of its owner if it has *outlived* its usefulness?

—The Conemaugh borough lad whom we recently noticed as having been brought to jail here on a charge of stealing revolvers from a Johnstown hardware store, has been acquitted in the District Court of the crime indicated, but has been found guilty of receiving stolen goods. Not yet sentenced.

—Mr. Jacob Snyder, a well known druggist and much esteemed citizen of Hollidaysburg, fell dead at the threshold of his own door, which he was about to enter, on Sunday morning last, having just been brought home from church by his son, where he had taken suddenly ill. His age was about 66.

—The *Herald* says that there are 38,000 acres of land in one tract along the Blacklick which is thickly covered with cherry, poplar, ash, etc., and underlaid with almost inexhaustible deposits of coal and iron ore, and also states that $90 000 have been offered and refused for 2,700 acres in that region.

—One hundred policemen were sworn into the service of the Cambria Iron Company by Register and Recorder Singer, yesterday. Go to work under certain stipulations or vacate the company houses instanter seems to be the two horns of the dilemma between which the strikers find themselves.

—The deserved success of Mr. Gallitzin Seminary, in this place, is notably indicated by the fact that the good Sisters of St. Joseph find it necessary to add largely to their accommodations by the erection of an additional building three stories high and 40x60 feet in dimensions, which they have in contemplation.

—It is presumable that wagons have tongues of their own to wag, but that does not seem to deter some Johnstown folks from wagging their tongues in praise of the excellent vehicles turned out by Messrs. Barker & Son at their extensive manufactory in this place. Such work deserves the most generous laudations.

—Posters have been printed at this office for a public sale, by F. P. Tierney, Esq., on Saturday of next week, of household furniture, cow, sleigh, harness, etc.; also dwelling house and lot land near town, office, etc. Posters have likewise been printed by us for orphans' court sale of Ann Kearney's estate, on May 18th, by Jos. Criste, trustee.

—Our good old friend, S. B. McCormick, of Johnstown, long and favorably known to the readers of the *Freeman* as "Rob Roy," has taken up his line of march for the golden shores of the Pacific, where our readers will join us in expressing the hope that he may long live to enjoy the benefits of that delightful climate, not forgetting, of course, to let us hear from him often.

—One of the Johnstown strikers who refuses to accede to the terms laid down by the Company in order to obtain employment, was heard to remark the other day that he had fought three years to secure the freedom of the "man and brother," and he'd be dam—aged if he wasted any body to fight three years to obtain a like boon for him.

—The Johnstown *Tribune*, rather questionable authority, learns that Bernard McColgan, Esq., of Wilmore, is an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for Prothonotary. He certainly deserves and would fill the position as well as any man in the county, and while it is not our business to express a preference, we are sure the convention might go further and fare worse.

—Col. Israel Painter was attacked by two or three highwaymen at the very threshold of the Laird House door, Greensburg, on Wednesday midnight of last week, and had not his outcries brought to his assistance the proprietor of the hotel, he would undoubtedly have been robbed of a large sum of money which he had that day collected from persons owing him. The robbers fled on the approach of Mr. Borlin, the landlord of the hotel.

—A lady and gentleman from Lancaster county, relatives of the Zahm brothers of this place, arrived here yesterday afternoon from Florida, where they had been spending the winter, and which they found it convenient to leave on account of the extreme heat—an objection which will sound very queer to our people at this particular junction, se ing how it snows. They report having feasted on strawberries, new peas and sich like, while sojourning in Florida.

—A lad named Koontz, residing near Loretto, went to his father's carpenter shop, on Saturday morning last, to start a fire in the stove, when by some means he set fire to a lot of shavings near the front door, which cut off his means of egress, and when his father reached the shop soon after, he found his son lying on his face and nearly suffocated by the smoke. He at once chucked the prostrate boy through the window, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames before much damage was done to the shop.

—County Superintendent Chapman informs us that he recently remained over night with a friend, when upon comparing notes, it was discovered that his father and his friend's father were born in the same year; that his mother and his friend's mother were born in the same year, that he and his friend were born in the same year, and that his wife and his friend's wife were born in the same year. This we think a remarkable coincidence of dates, and that there would scarcely be one chance in a million of a similar coincidence.

—Mr. M. L. Brown, who until recently represented the Singer Sewing Machine Company in this place, has transferred his allegience to the "Victor" sewing machine, and will henceforth do his level best to convince the people of this vicinity that they need and ought to have machines of that stripe in their possession. The "Victor" is certainly a first class machine, rivalling all its competitors in many particulars, as we shall endeavor to show next week, and in the hands of such a trustworthy agent as Mr. Brown it ought to soon gain its way to many of the households of this county.

THOSE FISH.—Hon. B. L. Hewit, of Hollidaysburg, one of the three Fish Commissioners of the State, yesterday sent to Cresson *seven hundred* salmon trout in one can, to be delivered to Judge Reese J. Lloyd and J. Alex. Moore, of this place, who have taken a great personal interest in the experiment of introducing fish into the streams of this section. We understand from these gentlemen that it is their intention to distribute the fish in equal numbers in Shinkle's dam, adjoining our borough, which is one of the sources of the Conemaugh—in Behe's dam, about three miles north-east of this place, which flows into Chest Creek—and in the dam of Evan J. Evans, three miles north-west of Ebensburg, a branch of Blacklick creek. We trust the experiment will prove a decided success, and express the thanks of our citizens to Messrs. Lloyd and Moore for their active efforts in procuring the fish, and to Mr. Hewit for furnishing the same. There is no object more worthy of State aid and encouragement than the culture of fish. It has been commenced under the most favorable auspices, and if properly managed, as we think it will be, cannot fail to prove an invaluable benefit to the people, not only of this county, but of the State at large.

P. S. The fish safely reached this place yesterday afternoon, the conductor of the branch train, Mr. M. A. Quartz, having made an extra run to Cresson to receive the can containing them. They were yesterday afternoon and this morning placed in the dams named, and have, ere this, gone on their way rejoicing. A few of the fish are now on exhibition in a glass jar at Dr. Plank's office.

ANOTHER LITTLE EGG STORY.—On Saturday morning an *attache* of the Logan House in the person of Mr. John Respas, who exercises a superintendency over the slaughtering of all fowls around that popular and spacious caravansera, made the startling discovery that one of the hens which he was engaged in preparing for the manipulation of the cooks contained eleven eggs, seven of which were fully developed with the exception that the membrane of each was soft and pliable, while the remaining four were in an embryo state. We saw those eggs—eleven in number—and have the authority of the individual named who is corroborated by other parties, that they were all found inside of one hen as stated. John Respas asseverates that he was never so much "exprized" in his life when the eggs commenced to roll out. The hen in question was purchased in Philadelphia, and evidently intended to do her full share toward providing a *quantam sufficit* of eggs for the following day—which was Easter Sunday.—*Altoona Tribune*.

Local Correspondence.

SOUTH FORK, April 8, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—I have not sent you a letter for several weeks, simply for the reason that we have nothing new or startling to communicate. Some suppose that my silence was caused by the failure of the South Fork "ring," but such is not the case. Our "ring" is in good working order, and we are prepared now to take contracts to pave streets or build post-offices. We are so strong, indeed, that we have no fear of the Summerhill "ring" worms or any other man. By the way, Mr. Editor, that reply was never published. No, sir, they did not dare to respond; but, in imitation of U. S. G., remained silent. You must know, sir, that we are too many for them, and that our population is increasing rapidly—from natural causes and otherwise.

The only interesting occurrence in South Fork since my last was rather a serious one. I refer to the sudden death of a favorite mule, Tobias by name, but called "Toby" for short. He had the misfortune to miss his footing and tumble over the hill at the coal mine of Messrs. J. C. Stineman & Co., falling down the shoot about thirty-five feet. Tobias was a faithful mule of an uncertain age. He was never known to go back on a peck of oats, nor miss a day's work, if he was needed. None knew him but to love him. My pen would fail to express the deep sorrow which prevaded our entire community, and therefore with a tear for the departed we pass to other things.

South Fork has been quite dull for several weeks, but we hope for better things. The coal shipments have increased and the saw mill is kept quite busy. Indeed, sir, I think the prospects for a good spring's work is bright.

We have had quite an interesting revival of religion recently under the auspices of the United Brethern. Great interest was manifested by a large number.

Rev. Mr. Bumgardner, of the Evangelical Association, preached his first sermon here on Sunday week, to a large and appreciative congregation. He has been appointed to the position occupied by Rev. Mr. Grimm, and judging from his first sermon, I confidently expect he will soon become a favorite.

Our church accommodations are not very extensive now, preaching being held in the school-house, but the resent revivals have added so largely to the membership of the several denominations worshipping here, that I think we will have a church before the summer is over.

And now, sir, as I have told you all the news, I'll bid you good night. B. E. R.

LEWISTOWN, PA., April 8, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—I have been spending a few days in this place, and think it a very pleasant town indeed. During my visit, I went to see the Catholic church, only recently erected, and was introduced to Rev. Thomas Fleming, a very courteous gentleman, who told me that the Catholics are not as numerous here as in Cambria county, but that the Protestant portion of the community had been very liberal in contributing towards the erection of their church. We believe that this is in a great degree owing to the great personal influence of their beloved pastor.

Since coming here I have made the acquaintance of Rev. Thomas Fleming, as already stated, as well as his amiable niece, Mrs. Mary Reilly, Miss Mary Ann Dougherty, Mr. John Rager, who has done much here for the church, and several other gentlemen and ladies, among whom was Mr. John Reilly, Assistant Superintendent, Pa. R. R., of Altoona, his nephew, Thomas E. Reilly, and his amiable wife, Mrs. Lenore Reilly, all of whom deserve honorable mention. Mr. John Reilly is a Christian in the true sense of that word, bestowing many acts of kindness, without letting his left hand know what his right hand is doing. I am much pleased with my new friends here, and wish all of them long lives and much prosperity.

Lewistown is a thriving place of about 3,000 inhabitants, and contains several public buildings and many private residences of an imposing character. I may write to you soon again. ROB ROY.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.—Many times women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with trouble of the breast, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctors, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality they are all symptoms caused by some uterine disorder; and while they are thus only able perhaps to palliate for a time, they are ignorant of the cause, and encourage their practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patients are no better in the end, but probably worse for the delay, treatment, and other complications made, and which a proper medicine directed to the cause would have entirely removed, thereby instituting health and comfort instead of prolonged misery.

From Miss LORINDA E. ST. CLAIR, Shade, Athens Co., O., Oct. 14th, 1872:

"Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your Favorite Prescription is working almost like a miracle on me. I am better already than I have been for over two years."

From ELLA A. SCHAFER, Zanesville, Ind., Aug. 3, 1872:

"Dr. Pierce—I received the medicine you sent me and began using it immediately. As a result of the treatment I feel better than I have for three years.

From Mrs. JOHN K. HAMILIN, Odell, Ill., Mar. 19, 1872:

"Dr. Pierce—The Favorite Prescription has done me good, which I am very thankful for."

COUGHS AND COLDS.—At the present time when diseases of the throat and lungs are so frequent, every one should bear in mind the necessity of attending to a cough or a cold, at the first commencing. A cough, no matter how "slight," should be cured; when neglected, it too frequently terminates in consumption. *Husson's Compound Syrup of Tar* never fails in curing the worst cases of coughs, colds, hoarseness, sore throat, bronchitis, asthma and croup. It is an infallible remedy for hooping cough.

Sold by all Drug Stores and Dealers thro'out the United States.

Price 50 cents per bottle.

RUSSEL & LANDIS, Prop'rs, Philad'a.

P. S. See that the signature of RUSSELL & LANDIS, Prop's, is on each wrapper.

FREE OF CHARGE.—Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most effetent qualities for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Coughs and Colds are speedily relieved by it and in Croup it acts like magic. Call at R. J. Lloyd's Drug Store and obtain a sample bottle *free of charge*, or a regular size for $1; or at P. M. Woleslagle & Son's Store, Wilmore. J. R. MORRIS, 113 North 2d St., Phila. [3-13.-1y.]

NEW AND NICE.—The latest thing out in this place, always excepting of course some of our boys at night, is the improved or raised photograph, which is by all odds the prettiest gem of the art yet produced. For further particulars consult T. T. Spence, our clever photograph artist, who dispenses to all comers these new-fangled pictures, as well as the various other styles, at the moderate expense to them of $1.50 per half dozen. Selah! and then see Spence.

THE MAGIC INKSTAND.—Have you seen it? If not you have missed the greatest curiosity of the century. It is a little factory, and makes its own ink,—enough for an ordinary lifetime. It retails at two (2) dollars, and can be had at all stationers, or by mail from R. C. ROOT, ANTHONY & Co., New York.

ANNA S. GETSINGER, of Honesdale, Pa., writes the following. "After suffering for nearly two years from neuralgia in the breast, passing up into the throat, face, head and shoulders, I was entirely cured and restored to health by using Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial."

OBITUARY.

CHAPMAN.—Died, on Thursday morning 9th inst., GEORGE COPE, infant son of T. J. and M. A. Chapman, aged 1 year, 3 months and 5 days.

"Precious babe! No longer with us;
Gone to rest!
To the realms of glory taken,
With the blest.
Here, a little weary sufferer
Full of pain;
Now from pain released, to suffer
No'er again."

ROWLAND.—Died, in Blacklick township, on the 5th inst., of diabetes, AUSTIN EVERETT, son of Elias and Isabella Rowland, aged 4 years, 10 months and 15 days.

NOTICE.—Persons indebted to the late firm of DAVIS & GRIFFITH are requested to call and settle without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them to me properly authenticated for settlement.
J. A. SHOEMAKER, Trustee.
Ebensburg, April 10, 1874.-6t.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the June Sessions, 1874, to bring the Borough of Summitville, Cambria county, within the restrictions and subject to the privileges of the Act of Assembly of 3d April, 1851. JOHN E. STORM, Burgess.
Summitville, April 10, 1874.-4t.

NOTICE.—The accounts of the late firm of TIERNEY & NULL, now for use of F. P. TIERNEY, have this day been placed in the hands of H. KINKEAD, Esq., of Ebensburg, for collection. Persons knowing themselves indebted on said books will save costs by making immediate payment. F. P. TIERNEY.
Ebensburg, April 8, 1874.-3t.

HANDS OFF!—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any way with 1 white and red spotted cow, 2 brindle cows, and 1 yearling heifer, bought from AMBROSE LANTZY, of Barr township, and left in his possession during my pleasure.
JOHN G. C. BEARER.
Susquehanna Twp., April 10, 1874.-3t.

TAKE NOTICE.—Having bought at Sheriff's sales all the household and kitchen furniture of Perrin Ebaugh, of Carroll township, consisting of tables, chairs, bedsteads, bedding, stoves, clocks, carpets, etc., and all the lumber and saw logs late the property of AMBROSE LANTZY, of Barr township I hereby notify the public that I have left said property in possession of the respective parties named, and forbid all interference with the same.
HENRY HOPPLE.
Carroll Twp., April 10, 1874.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of T. P. O'HARRA, dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of said decedent, late of the township of Munster, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. FRANCIS C. O'HARRA,
Munster Twp., April 10, 1874.-6t.* Adm'r.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to state an account between the estate of CHARLES ADAMS, dec'd, and that of M. M. ADAMS, dec'd, and to report distribution of any amount that may be found due, to and amongst the parties entitled thereto, all persons interested are hereby notified that I will attend to the duties of my appointment at the Court House in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, 27TH DAY OF APRIL, inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
J. GALLITZIN LAKE, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 4, 1-7t.—10-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to hear and decide on the exceptions filed to the account of E. A. BURNS and JOHN BURNS, Administrators of Rev. E. J. BURNS, deceased, and also to make distribution of the money in the hands of said Administrators in the same estate to and amongst those entitled thereto, all parties interested are hereby notified that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at the Court House in Ebensburg, on WEDNESDAY, 29TH DAY OF APRIL, inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
J. GALLITZIN LAKE, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 4, 1874.—10-3t.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Hotel of Wm. Linton, in the Borough of Summitville, on **Saturday, the 30th day of May** next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit: A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in the Township of Washington, County of Cambria, adjoining lands of Peter Dunn, Joseph O'brien, William McDermit, and others, containing **ABOUT 47 PERCHES.**
TERMS OF SALE.—One-third the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by mortgage and judgment bonds of the purchaser. JOSEPH CHRISTE,
[4-10.-3t.] Adm'r of ANN KEARNEY.

Extensive Public Sale
OF VALUABLE
REAL & PERSONAL PROPERTY.

THE undersigned, being about to remove from Ebensburg, will offer at public sale, at his residence near the Ebensburg Foundry, on

Saturday, April 18th,

the following valuable property, to wit:

Room, Chamber and Kitchen Furniture,

consisting of Stoves Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Lounges, Stands, Carpets, Clocks, and a large variety of other articles pertaining to housekeeping. Also,

1 COW, 2 GOOD SLEICHS,

Harness, Bells, Buffalo Robes, Shovels, Forks, &c.

Also, the dwelling house will be offered for sale, the commodious and comfortable

Dwelling HOUSE and LOT of Ground

now occupied by the subscriber,

3 1-2 ACRES OF GOOD LAND

adjoining the Borough, and an

Office In Collonade Row.

Terms will be made known on day of sale. Certificates on Lloyd & Co. and Wm. M. Lloyd & Co. will be taken in one-half payment for either or all the real estate. ☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.
F. P. TIERNEY.
Ebensburg, April 10, 1874.-2t.

RULE on the Heirs and Legal Representatives of CHRISTIAN SMAY, late of Summerhill township, dec'd, to accept or refuse.

Cambria County, ss:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to JOSEPH SMAY and NICHOLAS SMAY, Heirs and Legal Representatives of CHRISTIAN SMAY, late of Summerhill township, deceased,—*Greeting:*

You and every of you are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court, to be held at Ebensburg, in and for said county, on the FIRST MONDAY OF JUNE NEXT, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of said Christian Smay, deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest duly awarded by the said Court, and returned by the Sheriff of said county on the 18th day of August, A. D. 1873, or show cause why the same should not be sold, to wit: A FARM, "THE HOMESTEAD," situate in Summerhill township, adjoining lands of Catherine Crum, Patrick McCormic and Jas. McGough, containing one hundred and four acres, more or less, about seventy-five acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-and-one-half story part frame and part plank house, two frame bank barns and outhouses, valued and appraised at the sum of five thousand, three hundred and fifty-six dollars ($5 356). Also, a tract of timber land situate in said township, adjoining lands of Martin & Co., Jas. McCullough, and others, containing one hundred and thirty acres, valued and appraised at the sum of five hundred and thirty-two dollars ($532). And herein fail not.

Witness the Honorable JOHN DEAN, President Judge of said Court at Ebensburg, the 5th day of March, A. D. 1874.
JAMES M. SINGER, Clerk O. C.
A true copy.
HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff. [L.S.] [4-10.4t.]

CARD.—J. C. EMIGH, M. D., *Physician and Surgeon*. Office in rooms lately occupied by Dr. A. P. Fields. Charges moderate. Night calls promptly attended to.

This is to certify that Dr. J. C. EMIGH studied medicine with me for three years, received his diploma from Philadelphia, and had several years practice. I cheerfully recommend him to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity as being a good and reliable physician. A. P. FIELDS, M. D.
Ebensburg, April 3, 1874.

NOTICE.—Having purchased one bay mare and one brown horse from Ambrose Lantzey, of Barr township, and left the same in his possession during my pleasure, I hereby caution all persons against meddling or in any way interfering with said property.
JOHN G. C. BEARER.
Susquehanna Twp., April 3, 1874.-3t.*

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any manner whatever with a five year old bay mare bought by me at Sheriff's sale and left in the possession of Ambrose Lantzey, of Barr township, during my pleasure. AUG. WALTERS.
Carrolltown, April 3, 1874.-3t.

TREASURER'S SALE
—OF—
UNSEATED LANDS AND LOTS
In Cambria County, A. D. 1874.

I, A. D. CRISTE, Treasurer of Cambria County, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in pursuance of the several Acts of Assembly in said Commonwealth directing the time and manner of selling Unseated Lands for Taxes, do hereby give notice that the following described Tracts of Unseated Lands and Lots of Ground in the said County of Cambria, or such parts thereof as may be necessary to pay arrearages of taxes due thereon for one year or more, will be offered for sale, at the **Court House in the Borough of Ebensburg**, on the **Second Monday** (being the **8th** day) **of June next**, and continue, by adjournment from day to day, until the whole be sold for such arrearages of taxes, and costs necessarily accruing thereon.

UNSEATED LANDS.

NAMES OF OWNERS OR WARRANTEES.

A's.	Per's.		Years.	Taxes.
		ADAMS TWP.		
569		Martin McDonald	1872 & 1873	$ 33 04
113		William Nichols	" "	10 20
483	40	Samuel Calvin	" "	25 54
401		Jacob Clement	" "	23 68
400		John Williams (Smith tract)	" "	23 60
259		—— Copp	" "	15 29
245	54	Penn'a R. R. Co.	" "	57 82
400		Hen'y Rice	" "	57 60
1	0	Francis Deevlin	" "	5 90
400		Ferdinand Gardner	" "	12 80
120		Geo. B. Stineman	" "	15 36
		BLACKLICK TWP.		
50		G. Boring	" "	6 80
100		Charles H. Brady	" "	15 21
100		J. Jordan	" "	13 60
97		John W. Duncan	" "	13 19
97		Paul Dishong	" "	13 19
139		John Tilford	" "	19 86
50		William Davis	" "	6 25
7		A. Brown & Brallier	" "	95
50		Gabriel Boring	" "	6 80
105		Thomas R. Williams	" "	14 28
615		Intt'l & John Davis	" "	83 40
415		Mary Evans	" "	23 01
		BARR TWP.		
108		Thomas Edwards	" "	13 78
40		David Barr	" "	4 92
100		Thomas Williams	" "	12 30
240		Alex. Barr (part of)	" "	29 50
		CAMBRIA TWP.		
50		Andrew Duff	" "	3 00
100		John Brown	" "	6 00
174		John Morgan	" "	20 54
		CARROLL TWP.		
108		Thomas Edwards	" "	17 14
25	80	John Hoops	" "	3 98
100		Thomas Williams	" "	7 35
108		James Hoops	" "	17 14
60		John B. Rinaman	" "	14 32
240		Alex. Barr (part of)	" "	17 64
		CHEST TWP.		
318	110	William Parker	" "	248 64
402	44	Anthony Simmons	" "	167 24
402	44	Nat. Loughborough	" "	167 24
303	700	Fred'k Molenaux	" "	112 12
321	52	Thomas Kelland	" "	141 82
433	153	John Ashley	" "	160 22
201	68	Thomas Meiers	" "	74 38
147	28	John Ketland	" "	25 68
123	80	Henry Phillips	" "	91 02
301	64	Charles Pope	" "	85 32
225	68	George Pole	" "	88 26
332	97	Joseph Pope	" "	49 18
212	44	Samuel Ruth	" "	78 44
168	122	George Gilson	" "	124 32
150	152	Henry Seely	" "	11 10
134	57	Samuel Peters	" "	99 16
319	157	Hugh Hughes	" "	23 59
382	108	John Pope	" "	28 28
216	183	James Hoops	" "	159 84
309	141	George Hoops	" "	30 93
124	121	Nathan Foster	" "	18 34
187	120	Henry Foster (part)	" "	13 85
50		James Foster	" "	18 50
74		Simon Noel	" "	6 54
74		James Noel	" "	10 89
72		James Pope (part)	" "	26 64
200		Andrew Weaver	" "	118 40
450		William Gray	" "	49 96
483	153	Joseph Gray	" "	32 04
350		Jas. Foster and Geo. Gilson	" "	259 00
405	106	James Ruth	" "	59 94
225	122	Martin Myre	" "	33 30
883		Samuel Butler and Samuel Ruth	" "	59 20
158	16	John Myre	" "	22 59
243		Thomas Penrose	" "	54 02
127		William Parker	" "	99 99
156	137	Simon Walker	" "	50 32
135	135	Henry Phillips	" "	99 90
172	139	John Roops	" "	29 45
400		Robert Ewing	" "	29 60
400		George Swentz	" "	29 60
377	106	Lloyd & Hipsh	" "	21 86
279		Finney, Barrows & Co	" "	61 94
60		William Butler	" "	4 44
126		William Parke	" "	94 12
72		Patrick Flinn	" "	24 95
		CLEARFIELD TWP.		
433	153	Jonathan Lewis	" "	157 62
330		Jesse Bush	" "	46 49
200		Patrick Kelly	" "	27 60
200		Patrick Such	" "	27 60
60		Mark McGuire	" "	16 38
130		Celestine McMullen	" "	35 49
100		Joseph Trexler, Jr.	" "	13 50
100		James Harris	" "	82 80
483		Morris Wolff	" "	60 16
110		Joseph Davis	" "	26 02
400		Henry Davis	" "	72 80
410		Morris Davis	" "	74 62
200		Jess. Hoops	" "	27 30
400		Bell & Blair	" "	109 20
400		Joseph Harris	" "	72 80
40		John Mease	" "	15 20
364	154	John Fisher	" "	127 00
144		E. R. Dunnigan	" "	27 36
100		Anthony Conrad	" "	65 70
184	60	Jesse Hoops (part)	" "	33 48
108		James Hoops	" "	19 66
108		Joseph Cooper	" "	5 42
25		Philip Cooper	" "	18 30
169		Calvin & Ranstead	" "	65 97
426		Samuel Calvin	" "	84 68
430		Riley & Sargent	" "	83 48
14		John Brotherline	" "	4 59
200			" "	34 88
		CONEMAUGH TWP.		
10		S. H. Smith	" "	2 24
82		Widow Stewart	" "	6 89
57		James Burk	" "	11 22
300	126	Richard Smith	" "	16 80
		Lots. CROYLE TWP.		
	3	Ann M. Brallier	" "	3 94
11	99	Samuel S. Paul	" "	2 72
18		P. M. & J. Brown	" "	5 35
34			" "	
		GALLITZIN TWP.		
199		Aaron Bowen	" "	30 78
103		Wm. M'Dougal (part)	" "	16 20
220		Mifflin Hastings	" "	85 04
62		Robert W. Strickland	" "	10 04
75		Mary Hannan	" "	13 60
50		Nicholas Bell	" "	8 10
400		Thomas Gorman	" "	97 20
18		S. C. Baker	" "	4 37
		JACKSON TWP.		
255		John Ruby	" "	27 74
25		Daniel Goughnour	" "	2 70
139		Daniel Leavy	" "	15 47
418		William Morris	" "	45 80
208		Isaac Benson	" "	21 90
42		Alex. Hunter	" "	4 66
181		Daniel Farley	" "	19 78
184		Joseph Rewing	" "	20 15
89		James Rees	" "	9 71
405	135	John Simpson	" "	43 80
116		Samuel Davis	" "	19 55
61		Philip Andrew	" "	4 19
116		James Blackson	" "	12 25
410		Van Camp Bush	" "	43 80
293		John Wigton (part)	" "	32 15
50		Abe Goughnour	" "	5 40
40		Henry Horabaugh	" "	2 52
100		Evan M. Davis	" "	25 55
100		Samuel White	" "	7 30
250		Samuel Black	" "	18 25
400		John Black	" "	29 20
400		Andrew Black	" "	29 20
400		David Black	" "	29 20
		SUMMERHILL TWP.		
459	80	Jacob Nagle, half of	" "	15 15
459	80	Henry Woods, "	" "	15 15
459	80	James Dalton, "	" "	15 15
459	80	Jas. Scarright, "	" "	15 15
357	80	Isaac Breman	" "	24 54
440		Wm. Smith, D. D.	" "	29 26
370	40	Israel Jones	" "

A PROMISING YOUNG MAN.—Two or three years ago a young man of rather a gorgeous exterior, but limited in his intellectual endowments, was paying attentions to a young woman of the neighborhood. At times she encouraged him, but at length she appeared to have concluded that his assiduities were not acceptable.—But he persevered in calling upon her, and ultimately he arrived at such a state of mind as to declare that if she did not relent and marry him he would destroy himself. He accompanied this pathetic protestation with a flourish of a firearm, and though he steadfastly declared during the subsequent trial that he sought a pistol himself, it so fell out that it was the woman who was shot, and that through the heart. Even if he intended to shoot himself, it will occur to most readers that a horse-pistol is a rather injudicious utensil to court a woman with, anyhow; although, owing to the unfortunate scarcity of women, a man sometimes has to employ desperate expedients to get a wife. A good motto in California is, "Get married by all means; peaceably if you can, forcibly if you must." At any rate the man was condemned to the Penitentiary for a number of years. There his conduct was so exemplary that he was promoted to a clerkship, at a stipend of $70 a month (we do things that way in California), and a few weeks ago, mainly through the intervention of his father, he was pardoned out by the Governor. During his incarceration he corresponded regularly with a young woman of this neighborhood. She is somewhat fascinating, is a good shot with a rifle, sits a horse fearlessly and gracefully, is a brilliant dancer, a good cook, and a notable housewife for her two brothers.—The faintest of suspicion was never blown against her character, but she has that pretty wilfulness, that charming audacity and independence generally mistaken by foreigners for bold depravity. She never hesitates for a moment to champion anybody whom she considers wrongfully slandered or abused, provided that person is honest and has good intentions. Therefore, when the late jail-bird was liberated he made haste to present himself before her. She not only publicly rode out with him several times, but accepted his escort twice to a surprise party, an old-fashioned way that rural Californians have of enjoying the winter nights occasionally. Although one or two of her relatives were thrown into immense consternation by the proceeding, the general public has looked on very tranquilly, and the general conscience does not appear to have been anywise severely shocked. It is not looked upon as an escapade that is at all likely to disjoint society or corrupt the public morals. Everything is quiet along the lines at present. That young man coming out with the savor of the penitentiary walls fresh upon him, has by these occurrences been endowed with an amount of social capital that will give him a good send-off in the world again. But how wisely her sympathy has been bestowed may be judged from the circumstance that the young man has all this time been playing the gallant with his father's dilapidated old horse and buggy, while the poor old man has been compelled to trudge about the country on foot, lugging his carpet-bag full of specimen subscription books. And that deluded old gentleman advocates the abolition of capital punishment. And that young man is now setting himself to study law on the savings accumulated in his penitentiary clerkship.—*California Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.*

A LOVER DROPS INTO POETRY.—A recent trial in Sparta, Wisconsin, has been the means of revealing to an unsympathizing public the somewhat extraordinary correspondence that had passed between two young persons of opposite sexes residing in that neighborhood. One of the letters from the young man reads thus:

dere girl

I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am not very well but hop this will find you wel and happy as you Was the last time i saw you. I was out in the woods all one nite and it Rained all nite i took cold and it left me very lame. my dere pet this is the 3 leter sence i saw you And have not receved know Anser yet. What is the Matter, have you forgot me or is Some one goten your leters. i hav not forgoten you nor never shell of you do me. i should hav ben in Iowa know or some other place of things had worked Rite. i am to work on a barn frame 2 miles from dorset on the romalt rode.

Good by my dere darling pet my preshus pet rite once more And tell me all the knows. remember i think to much of you to ask you to sacksrefise any hapiness fore me. i would like to see you once more and if you wish to see me send me A line when And where to meat you.

the flours i cherished are withered and sere
the hopes are all perished that were so dere
only sadness and Sorrow abide in my brest,
and my hart is so Weary it longs for rest.
the faith that i trusted has fled like a dreme
and has vanished like vapors that make the streme
for She loves me no longer. She broke each vow
and has choosed another to smile upon her now
I love her so derely, her love was my life
It strengthened my spirit to meat every strife
And it filled my glad busum with music and song
And scatered swete Fragrance my pathway A long
her love was the flour that brethed its perfume A round my Existence and frede it from Gloom,
but she loves me no longer my hopes air fled
and my sad hart is longing to slepe with the Dead
good by my own swete preshus darling
here is a kiss(*,*)

MORE EGGS-AGGERATION.—Some time since one of the Bedford county papers published an account of "an egg within an egg." This was thought to be a curious freak of nature, and a challenge was thrown out for competition. Blair county being of a sort of jealous disposition, was determined not to be beaten by Bedford and produced a "Siamese Twin" egg, being two perfectly formed eggs connected at the smaller end by a cord-like ligature one inch long, and as thick as a pipe stem. And now comes the Shamokin *Times* determined to cap the climax. It says:—"Last week Mr. Henry Kline, of Juniata township, brought to this office one of the most remarkable curiosities we ever saw. This consisted of a hen's egg having a well developed snake inside the shell. The egg was one that was fresh laid, and full size. When broken, Mr. Kline noticed something mixed in the white which he thought he would take out. He therefore lifted it up, when he noticed it move, and closer examination showed a tongue dart out in the most approved snake fashion, while the eyes could be plainly seen. So singular a freak of nature was worth particular notice, and so he placed the egg and snake in a glass and brought it to this office, where it was examined by a great number of persons, all of whom expressed their great astonishment. The snake was about two inches long and about as thick as a turkey quill, and was almost colorless. The questions which naturally arise are: how did it come there, and what would have been the result had the egg been hatched, or swallowed uncooked?"

—That Western farmer who has been a happy Benedict but four short weeks and has already been forced to invest in a wig, is ready to wager his wedding "rig" that she can "lick" a catamount.

NEW STORE Building, JOHNS TOWN.

113 and 115 Clinton St.,

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

Having purchased largely for cash, and many of our goods having been bought since the Panic, we are able to offer

EXTRA BARGAINS!

AND OUR CUSTOMERS SHALL HAVE THE BENEFIT.

We will sell at prices to make the money of our patrons go as far as possible.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN

ALPACAS

AND

Waterproofs,

COME AND SEE THE GOODS AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES!

Goods bought before the Panic are

MARKED Down

TO SUIT THE TIMES.

VELVETEENS

AT HALF THE USUAL PRICE.

Wholesale Department

ON SECOND FLOOR.

GOODS AT NEW YORK AND PHIL'A PRICES

—AT—

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

Look at the Prices.

HEAVY BLACK ALPACAS,

NEWLY OPENED,

At 25, 30, 35, 40, 45 and 50 Cts.

ELEGANT WATERPROOFS!

IN ALL NE COLORS!

Navy Blue, New Green, New Brown,

GOLD MIXED AND GREEN MIXED

WATERPROOFS

At the Reduced Price.

BLACK WATERPROOFS at 75 Cts.

FLANNELS!

RED AND WHITE FLANNEL.
OPERA FLANNEL.
BARRED FLANNEL.
Heavy Gray Twilled Flannel.
Yard Wide Country Flannel.
Rob Roy and Blue Flannels.

FELT SKIRTS from 75c. to $2.

BALMORAL SKIRTS VERY CHEAP.

LADIES', MISSES AND CHILDREN'S

WOOLEN HOSE!

AT LOWEST PRICES. AT

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

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MILLIONS OF ACRES

RICH FARMING LANDS

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NOW FOR SALE VERY CHEAP.

TEN YEARS' CREDIT. Interest only 6 per cent.

Descriptive Circulars, with Section Maps, sent free.

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A handsome Illustrated Paper, containing *Homestead Law*, mailed free to all parts of the world. Address,

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Land Commissioner U. P. R. R.,
OMAHA, NEB.

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$450,000 GIVEN AWAY!

$100,000 for Only $2.50.

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In Aid of a Juvenile Reform School at Leavenworth, Kan.

DRAWING APRIL 30, 1874.

One Prize guaranteed in every package of 10 Tickets. Single Tickets, $2.50; 5 for $12; 11 for $25. But few tickets left; and, as our sales are rapid, purchasers should order at once. Any money arriving too late will be returned. Good reliable Agents wanted everywhere. For full particulars, address

SIMON ABELES, Leavenworth, Kas.

Wanted Agents for Dr. Cornell's *Dollar Family Paper*—Religion and Health united—a *splendid premium* to every subscriber—nothing like it in the country—a rare chance—particulars free.—B. F. Bassell, Pub'r, Boston, Mass.

COSTAR'S EXTERMINATORS

And Insect Powder,

For Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, Bed-Bugs, Moths, &c.

J. F. HENRY, CURRAN & CO., N. Y.. Sole Agents.

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A DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY. Established 1850. It supports *White Supremacy*, political and social. Terms, $2 per year. To clubs, nine copies for $8. Specimen copies free. Address, DAY-BOOK, New York city.

EAT TO LIVE!

Write to F. E. SMITH & Co., Atlantic Mills, Brooklyn, N. Y., manufacturers of the **Crushed White Wheat**, for their pamphlet (sent free) on **Foods**, with important extracts from LIEBIG, JOHNSON, and other scientists. Read it and save your health and money.

BUY J. & P. COATS' BLACK THREAD for your MACHINE.

The GREAT DISCOVERY of the AGE.

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Painless OPIUM CURE.

Cures without pain or inconvenience to business. It is a tonic alterative and nervous sedative. It restores the broken-down nervous system; gives energy and strength; cures without pain or suffering to the patient. Send for paper on Opium-eating. P. O. Box 475. Drs. D. & L. MEEKER, Laporte, Ind.

MURDER Will out! Truth Triumphant! Agents, old and young, male and female, make more money selling our French and American *Jewelry, Books* and *Gomes* than at anything else. Greatest inducements to Agents and Purchasers. Catalogues, Terms and full particulars sent free to all. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,

BANKERS,

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WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.

Sept. 20.tf. JAS. B. ZAHM, Cashier.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

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Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

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Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections promptly received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence in Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made. [4-4.-tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER,.....WM. R. SECHLER.

SHOEMAKER & SECHLER,

Attorneys-at-Law,

9-18.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.]

THE GREAT CAUSE

—OF—

Human Misery.

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 6 cts.

A Lecture on the nature, treatment and radical cure of Seminal Weakness, of Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., Author of the "Green Book," &c.

The well-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*

Sent under seal, to any address, in a plain sealed envelope, on the receipt of six cents, of two postage stamps.

Address the Publishers,

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,

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OLENA!

The best Oil in the world for machinery,
It will not chill.
It will not gum.
It is equal to the best Lard Oil.
If you have any kind of Machinery, ask for OLENA; and if you cannot buy it at home, send for a circular and price list to

PAINE, ABLETT & TRIPP,

OIL MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS

No. 360 Penn Avenue,

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G. W. YEAGER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

AND DEALERS IN

Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,

No. 1402 Eleventh Avenue,

Altoona, Pa.

ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.

Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

JAMES F. MILLIKEN,

Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon, Bedford, Centre and Clearfield counties.

Parties wishing to purchase, rent, sell or exchange real estate will find it greatly to their advantage to call on or address me.

☞ Correspondence in either English or German solicited. (Sept. 26, 1873.-tf.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY,

High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg.—M. M. ONEILL & Co., Proprietors. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

GENERAL ITEMS.

He who fears the sparrow will never sow millet.

Man is caught by his tongue, an ox by his horns.

When the ass bears too light a load he wants to lie down.

Submission is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.

Liberality, it is said, consists less in giving profusely than in giving judiciously.

No manners are so fine as the most awkward manifestations of good will toward men.

The French have a very significant saying: It is always the unexpected which happens.

The liberty to go higher than we are is given only when we have fulfilled the duties of our present sphere.

Some vocalists take pride in exhibiting a fine falsetto voice; others in displaying a fine false set o' teeth.

How to become practically acquainted with the "Rule of Three"—Live with your wife, mother and mother-in-law.

When dunces call us fools without proving us to be so, our best resort is to prove them to be fools, without condescending to call them so.

In giving alms let us rather look at the need of the poor than his claim to our charity.

Most men are unhappy because they expect happiness from the wrong source. They look where it cannot be found and hence must be disappointed.

Set a greater value on having received instructive and useful lessons, than on possessing great store of wealth; for the latter is a transitory good, the former is durable.

There is nothing which contributes more to the sweetness of life than friendship; there is nothing which disturbs our repose more than friends, if we have not the discernment to choose them well.

Dobson says his friends seem determined to give him the title of Dr. His butcher, baker and all the rest do so; but they put Dr. *after* his name instead of before it.

A Georgia newspaper recently informed its readers that it was not worth while for them to raise boys. The agonized editor insists that he wrote the word hogs.

"Do try and talk a little common sense!" exclaimed a sarcastic young lady to a visitor. "Oh," was the reply, "but wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of you?"

There is a good story of a little boy who, going into a book-store with his mother, crept up to the juvenile of the establishment with the sly query, "Say, have you got any books for boys that ain't got religion in 'em?"

At Carlinville, Ill., a girl who recovered $10 from a young fellow for kissing her against her will, offered him the money back again a few days afterward if he would "do it again."

To be wise in our own eyes, to be wise in the opinion of the world, and to be wise in the sight of our Creator, are three things so very different as never to coincide.

So live that death may never surprise thee unprepared. Happy the man who constantly keeps the hour of his death in view, and every day prepares himself for it.

The newspapers, having discussed the authorship of the well-known ballad, "Betsy and I are out in the beautiful snow," to their satisfaction, are wrangling over that of "Old Grimes." Won't some scribbler inform mankind who wrote "Mary had a little lamb?"

A down East editor says nothing is sweeter than a warm, ardent kiss from one we love, unless it is molasses. This is corroborated by the following couplet from a modern Juliet to her Romeo:

Enduring as time is my love for y ou—
Sweet as molasses, and as sticky, too.

The good that has been won by man's own effort and virtues is far greater than that which has been bestowed from the beneficence of another or from the favor of fortune.

Men who are blessed with the privilege of paying dry-goods bills, will be glad to learn that ladies' evening dresses are no longer made with very deep trains.

A humorous citizen of Gwinnetti, Ga., arrayed himself in the attractive garb common to females and allowed a Walton County man to be married to him.

An obituary notice of a much respected Louisville lady concludes with "In her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed, and her death, oh! how consoling to her friends."

A short time ago a party of young men in Hamilton County took it upon themselves to ride a fellow on a rail. The fellow, Benjamin Van Evers, not being exactly suited with this arrangement, brought action against the boys, which resulted in the boys paying a fine of $30 each.

A New York doctor says that the heart is capable of beating 3,127 times per hour, but we don't believe it. We never heard it sung in any of the songs that "this heart, my dear Susan, beats 3,127 times an hour for thee."

A school-mistress in Mahaska, Iowa, reprimanded one of the "big boys" several times for chewing tobacco, and still he persisted. Her patience at last being exhausted, she effected a cure by seizing him and washing his mouth out with soap and water.

A Topeka lady sums up the first three years of her experience in married life, as follows: "The first year he called me 'dear,' the second year, 'Mrs. A.,' and the third year, 'old sorrel top.'"

The hotel-keepers at Niagara are discussing a plan to stop tourists five miles from the Falls and staff their cars with cotton, to prevent their hearing the roar without their first paying a fee of three dollars.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Illinois to fine not less than $50 nor more than $100, and to imprisen not less than thirty days nor more than six months, persons advertising for divorce business; the same punishment to be inflicted on proprietors of papers inserting such advertisement.

A dear, good old lady out West lost her muff, and jumped from the cars after it. But when they backed up after her the local reporter pathetically remarks, "death's clammy fingers had clutched her throat."

THE "Monroe doctrine" will have another meaning if the story told by a correspondent of the Fredericksburg *Star* concerning the late President Monroe is true. After leaving the White House, Mr. Monroe resided in New York. Here he became embarrassed and went back to his farm near Charlottesville. About a year after a New York creditor sent to James W. Saunders, lawyer, a claim of $400 to collect. Saunders was well received by the ex-President, breakfasted with him, and had a delightful time until he politely broached the subject of the $400. Mr. Monroe quietly listened to the request for payment, went to a drawer took out not the money, but two pistols, and invited Mr. Saunders to a grove near the house. The lawyer demurred, and Monroe said he would prefer battle to having his piece of mind destroyed by hungry creditors.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

—TO—

CASH BUYERS

—AT THE—

Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES

AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;

COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities:

TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

of my own manufacture;

HARDWARE, ALL KIND!

such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh-Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Washers and Wringers, Patent Churns and Patent Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast Steel Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse Shoes and Nails, Oil Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;

Harness and Saddlery Ware

of all kind, in great variety;

WOOD and WILLOW WARE

beyond description;

CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS.

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c.

Family Groceries,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups Molasses, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy, Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash.*

HOUSE SPOUTING

made, painted and put up as cheap as possible, FOR CASH. ☞ A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE

Cooking Stoves,

Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all work in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms. COOKING STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

G. C. K. ZAHM,

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

EBENSBURG

BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink; Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail.

LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.

JOHN D. THOMAS,

Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

A CARD.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets	$2.50 per pair.
Flannels	30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres	50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts	50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning	20 cts. per lb.
Carding	7 " " "

T. M. JONES & SONS,

July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug-28, '72.]

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Wood, Morrell & Co.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. W. M. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

FASHIONABLE

Andrew Moses,

DRAPER & TAILOR,

CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Parke's Marble Works,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor,

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, AND TELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

What a Lightning Stroke Revealed.

An Ohio paper tells a very strange and startling story of the revelations made by a stroke of lightning a few days since. The stroke, it seems, prostrated a splendid specimen of oaks in the Miami Valley. Among those was one which was rent asunder from top to bottom, and according to the newspaper fragments, in falling apart, disclosed a gaunt skeleton, yellow with age, which instantly fell to pieces and was scattered for several feet of the surrounding ground. With the remains was also found a few articles of ancient pattern and a leather pocket-book, in good state of preservation. The pocket-book told the sad and mysterious story of the disentombed skeleton. It contained papers which were brown and yellow with age and covered with rude pencil writing, but legible, but enough could be deciphered to show that they had been written by a soldier in the revolutionary army—a man by the name who had been an aid and confidential friend of Washington. His name was Hugh Scheyburg, and he held the rank of captain.

After participating in the perils of Valley Forge, and in the retreat across the Jerseys, and serving a brief time at Fort Point, he marched with Sullivan's army to the Northwestern Indians. On this expedition he was wounded and captured by the Indians. He subsequently escaped, however, and being hard pressed by his pursuers, he took refuge in this oak tree. The tree afforded a convenient retreat, and he managed himself to drop into it. Then he found that he had made a fatal mistake. The bottom of the hollow, and there was no escape. The remaining hours of his life he spent in writing a diary, the entries of which show a terrible record of hunger and suffering, and during a period of several days he fully described his sensations as he found himself slowly starving to death. The end was certainly a strange one, and there seems little improbable about it.

Not Well Done.

Liverpool was recently the scene of a painful tragedy, the details of which are rather horrible. A man named Connor was tried for murder, and the testimony was such a way that public feeling was aroused in favor of the unfortunate prisoner. The craft was the executioner, and he had had experience enough to understand his business. But when he had drawn and the criminal was standing with the rope snapped in two, and was falling to his feet at the bottom of the trap, he found he ought to have hung a man. Then, as the condemned man was being dragged up, he tried to implicate Lundy, and said, hysterically, "What do you call this murder? After you have hung me off." Being, the executioner let the drop was relaxing, the unfortunate man made the interrupted utterance, "I'll be a tempter of a kiss (*)" and that was the last moment of figure, which all the papers and Homer down, have made one of the most beauties of a woman? It is not to make themselves look more ridiculous than that, let them make an appointment to see sunrise; let them pick flowers and strew them upon them; let them study music and have their own orchestra. Vulgarity is not conducive to health, and a little, close shaving will not grow in hot-houses. For entertainment decline heartily to the latter, that is, if they are women have a wish to add to their personal admiration, the love, and (if need be) the fear of the men, they will find a far better way toward that gain in a little application at the door exercise, and a uniform adherence to the great essentials of health rather than new-fangled costumes or lovely "rights."

Bad men are never completely happy, although possessed of everything the world can bestow, and good men are never completely miserable, although deprived of everything that this world can take away.

A naughty little boy, Robbie, was told by his mother wouldn't go fishing in the river on the Sabbath, upon which the little fellow said: "I didn't want to go fishing, mother, 'cos, ma, I only wanted to go down there to get the bad little fishes drawn for good little fishes!" on a Sunday."

There is a time for all things. The time to leave is when a young lady asks you to take the walking is.

Out-of-door Exercise.

Our eyes have just now fallen upon a passage in Mr Greeley's last letter from Europe, in which he speaks of the beauty and radiance of the English women, and concludes with a little more than his usual enthusiasm of expression, their perfection of figure. He attributes this, and very justly, to the "English ladies' habit of out-door exercise." We had thought that this fact was already well known; that it was known to all the world, and that our fair country women would take the hint from it that would thereafter roll the roses into their cheeks and fullness into their figures. And yet, sadly enough, our women are shutting themselves in their heated rooms, and their faces are like lilies, and their figures like lily-stems. We have alluded to this matter before now, not for the sake of painting the lily, for surely, but for the sake of getting a hundred or two hundred thousand ladies into the open air a month light our path with a few more roses, and they do indeed prize a little more highly the pearliness of hue and delicacy of texture which is beyond that ruddy flush of health which is the tempter of a kiss (*) and that fine development of figure, which all the poets, from Homer down, have made one of the most prominent beauties of a woman? It is not necessary that women make themselves hideous in order to accomplish that, let them make an appointment to see the sunrise; let them pick flowers and strew them upon them; let them study music and have their own orchestra. Vulgarity is not conducive to health, and a little, close shaving will not grow in hot-houses. For entertainment decline heartily to the latter, that is, if they are women have a wish to add to their personal admiration, the love, and (if need be) fear of the men, they will find a far better way toward that gain in a little application at the door exercise, and a uniform adherence to the great essentials of health rather than new-fangled costumes or lovely "rights."